

M. William Shake-speare,

HIS

True Chronicle History of the life
and death of King Lear, and his
three Daughters.

With the Unfortunate life of EDGAR,
sonne and heire to the Earle of Glocester, and
his sullen assumed humour of TOM
of Bedlam.

As it was plaide before the Kings Maiesty at White-Hall, up-
on S. Stephens night, in Christmas Holldaies.

By his Maiesties Servants, playing vscally at the
Globe on the Bank-side.



LONDON

Printed by Iano Bell, and are to be sold at the East-end
of Christ-Church. 1655.

Bookes Printed;

And are to be Sold by *Jane Bell* at the Eastend
Of Christ-Church.

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M. William Shake-speare

HIS

History of King Lear.

Enter Kent, Glocester, and Bastard.

Kent.



Thought the King had more affected the Duke of
Albany then *Cornwall*.

Glo. It did alwaies seem so to us, but now in
the division of the Kingdomes, it appears not
which of the Dukes he values most, for equalities
are so weighed, that curiosity in nature, can make choise of ei-
thers moytie.

Kent. Is not this your sonn, my Lord?

Glo. His beeding sir hath been at my charge. I have so of-
ten blush'd to acknowleg him, that now I am braz'd to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this yong fellowes mother could, wherupon she
grew round wombed, and had in deed Sir a son for her Cra-
dle, ere she had a husband for her bed, do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undon, the issue of it beeing so
proper.

Glo. But I have a sonne by order of Law, some yeares elder
then this, who yet is no dearer in my account, though this knave
came something sawcely in the world before he was sent for,
yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, &
he whorson must be acknowledged, do you know this noble
gentlemen, *Edmund*.

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Ess. No my Lord.

Glo. My services to your Lordship.

unnoble friend.

Kern. I must love you, and I strive to know you better.

Ess. Sir I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been our nine yeares, and away he shall again,
the King is coming.

Sunday. A Cornet, Enter one bearing a Cornet, then Lear, then the
Dukes of Albeny and Cornwall, next Gonwill, Regan, Corde-
lia, with followers.

Lear. Attend my Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester,
Gloucester. I shall my Liege.

Lear. Mean time we will expresse our dark purposes,
The Map there; know we have divided
In three Kingdome; and 'tis our first intent,
To stake all cares and businesse of our state,
Confirming them on younger yeares,
The two great Princes, France and Burgundy,
Great Rivals in our youngest daughters love,
I do again our Court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd; tell me my daughters,
Which of you shall we say doth love us most,
That we our largest bounty may extend,
Where merit doth most challenge it.

Gonwill our eldest borne, speak first.

Gon. Sir I do love you more then words can wield the matter,
Dearer then eye-sight, space or liberty,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
No less then life; which grace, health, beauty, honour,
As much a child care loved, or father friend,
A love that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do, love and be silent.

Lear. Of all those bonds, even from this line to this,
With shady Forrests, and wide skirted Meads,
We make thee Lady, to thine and Albanius due,

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Be this perpetuall. What saies our second daughter?
Out deere *Regan*, Wife of *Cornwall*, speake.

Reg. Sir, I am made of the selfe-same mettell that my sister is,
And prize me as her worth. In my true heart,
I find she names my very deed of love, only she came short,
That I professe my self an enemy to all other ioyes,
Which the most precious square of sense possesse,
And find I am all one felicitate in your deere highnesse love.

Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*, and yet not so, since I am sure
My love's more rich then my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditarie ever
Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdom,
No lesse in space, validity, and pleasure,
That that confirm'd on *Gonorill*; but now our ioy,
Although the last, not least in our deer love,
What can you say to win a third, more opulent.
Then your sisters.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. How, nothing can come of nothing, speake againe,

Cor. Vnhappy that I am, I cannot haue my heart into my
mouth, I love your Maiesty according to my bond, nor more
nor lesse.

Lear. Go too, go too, mend your speech a little,
Least it may marr your fortunes.

Cord. Good my Lord,

You have begot me, bred me, love me,
I returne these duties back as are right sir,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you,
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say they love you all,
Haply when I shall wed, that Lord whose hand
Must take my plight, shall carry half my love with him,
Halfe my care and duty, sure I shall never
Marry like my sisters, to love my father all.

Lear. But goes tis with thy heart?

Cor. I doe my Lord.

Lear. So yong and so untender?

Cor. So yong my Lord, and true.

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Lear. Well let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowry,
For by the sacred radiance of the Sunne,
The mistress of *Heaven*, and the might,
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaime all my paternall care,
Propinquity and property of bloud,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever, the barbarous *Sygism*,
Or he that makes his generation
Messes to gorge his appetite,
Shall be as well neighbour'd, pittied and releev'd,
As thou my some-time daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege.

Lear. Peace *Kent*, come not between the Dragon & his wrath,
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery, hence and avoid my sight:
So be my grave my peace as here I give,
Her fathers heart from her call *France*, who stirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Gormall*, and *Albany*,
With my two daughters dower digest this third,
Let pride, which she calls plainnesse, marry her:
I do invest you ioyntly in my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Majesty, our selfe by monthly course
With reservation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be sustan'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turnes, onely we still retaine
The name and all the additions to a King,
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betwixt you.

Kent. Royall *Lear*,
Whom I have ever honor'd as my King;
Loved as my Father, as my Master followed,
As my great Patron thought on in my prayers.

Lear. The bow is bent and drawne, make from the shaft.

Kent.

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Kent. Let it fall rather;
Though the forke invade the region of my heart,
Be *Kent* unmannerly, when *Lear* is mad,
What wilt thou do old man, think'st thou that duty
Shall have dread to speak, when power to flattery bowes,
To plainnesse honours bound, when Maiefty stoops to folly,
Reverse thy doome, and in thy best consideration
Checke this hideous rashnesse, answer my life,
My iudgement, thy youngest daughter does not love thee least,
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollownesse.

Lear. *Kent*, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawne
To wage against thy enemies, nor feare to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight.

Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me still remaine
The true blanke of thine eye.

Lear. Now by *Apello* ———

Kent. Now by *Apello*, King thou swearest thy Gods in vaine.

Lear. Vassall, recreant.

Kent. Do, kill thy Physitian;
And the fee bestow upon the foule disease,
Revoke thy doome, or whilst I can vent clamour
From my throat, ile tell thee thou dost evill.

Lear. Heare me, one thy allegiance heare me,
Since thou hast sought to make vs break our vow,
Which we durst never yet; and with stiaied pride;
To come between our sentence and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare,
Our potency make good; take thy reward,
Foure daies we doe allot thee for provision,
To shield thee from defeases of the world,
And on the fift to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our Kingdome; if one the tenth day following,
Thy banisht tuncke be found in our Dominions
The moment is thy death, away,

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By *Jupiter*, this shall not be revokt.

Kent. Why fare thee well King since thou wilt appeare,
Friendship lives hence, and banishment is here;
The Gods to their protection take the maid,
That rightly thinks, and hath most iustly said,
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
Nee'l shape his old course in a Countrey new.

Enter France and Burgundy with Gloucester,

Glo. Meer's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of *Burgundy*, we first addresse towards you,
Who with a King hath rivald for our daughter,
What in the least will you require in present
Dower with her; or cease your quest of love?

Burg. Royall Maiesty, I crave no more then what
Your Highnesse offered, nor will you tender lesse?

Lear. Right noble *Burgundy*, when she was deare to us
We did hold her so, but now her price is fallen;
Sir, there she stands, if eught within that little
Seeming substance, or all of it without displeasure peece it,
And nothing else may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and she is yours.

Burg. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir, will you with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Covered with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her or leave her.

Burg. pardon me royall sir, election makes not up
On such Conditions.

Lear. Then leave her sir, for by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your love make such a tray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you,
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France

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Fra. This is most strange, that she that even but now
Was your best obiekt, the argument of your praise,
Balme of your age, most best, most dearest,
Should in this trice of time commit a thing
So monstrous, to dismantle so many souls of favor,
Sure her offence must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or you for voucht affections
Fallen into taint, which to believe of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plaint in me.

Cord. I yet beseech your maiessty,
If for I want that glib and oily Art,
To speake and purpose not, since what I well intend;
Ple do't before I speake, that you may know
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulness,
No unteane action or dishonoured step
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour,
But even for want of that, for which I am rich,
A still so liciting eye, and such a tounge,
As I am glad I have not, thought to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking,

Lear. Go to, go to, better thou hadst not been born,
Then not to have pleas'd me better.

Fran. Is it no more but this, a tardines in nature,
That often loves the hist'ry vnspoke that it intends to do,
My Lord of *Burgandy*, what say you to the Lady?
Love is not love when it is minoled with respects that stands
Aloofe from the entire point, will you have her?
She is her selfe and dower.

Burg. Royall *Lear*, give but that portion
Which your self propos'd, and hear I take
Cordelia by the hand, Duchesse of *Burgandy*.

Lear. Nothing, I have sworn.

Burg. I am sorry then you have so lost a fatherly
That you must lose a husband.

Cord. Peace be with *Burgandy*; since that respects
Of fortune are his love, I shall not be his wife.

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Fran. Faire *Cordelia* that art most rich being poor
Most choise forsaken, and most lo ed despis'd,

Thre and thy vertues here I saize upon,

Be it how I'l take up what's cast away,

Co's G d's tis Pr.ine, that from their cold'd neglect,

My love shou'd kindle to enflam'd respect,

Thy dow'reless daughter King throwne to thy chance,

Is Queene of us, of curs, and our faire *France*:

Not all the Dukes in warriish *Burgundy*,

Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.

Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though unkinde.

Thou lovest heere, a better where to find,

Lear. Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine,

For we have no such daughter, nor shall ev'r see

That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,

Without our grace, our love, our ben'zon: come noble *Burgundy*,

Exit Lear and burgundy.

Fran. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cord. The jewels of our Father,

With wast'd eyes *Cordelia* leaves you, I know you what you are,

And like a sister am most loth to call your faults

As they are named, use well our Father,

To your profess'd bosoms I commit him,

But yet alas, stood I with in his grace,

I would preferre him to a better place;

So farewell to you both.

Conerill. Proscribe not us our duties.

Regan. Let your study be to correct your Lord,

Who hath receiv'd you at Fortunes almes,

You have obedience scanted,

And well are worth the worth that you have wanted.

Cord. Time shall unfold what plected cunning hides,

Whose overs faults; at last shame them derides:

Well may you prosper.

Fran. Come fare *Cordelia*

Exit France and Cord.

Gen. Sister, it is not a little I have to say,
Of what must neereely appertaines to us both,

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I think our father will hince to night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you, next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the observation we have made of it hath not been little; he alwaies loved our sister most, and with what p^oore iudgement hee hath now cast her off, appears too grosse.

Reg. Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath ever but slenderly knowne himselfe.

Con. The best and soundest of his time hath bin but rash, then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfection of long ingra'ted condision, but therewithal unruly waywardnes, that infirme and cholerick yeares bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starrs are we like to have from him, as this of *Kens* banishment.

Con. There is further complement of leave taking between *France* and him, pray lets hit together, if our Father cary authority with such dispositions as he beares, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Regan. We shall further thinke on't.

Gon. We must do something and it'h heate.

Ex:unt

Enter Bastard selfe.

Bast. Thou nature art my Goddesse, to thy law my service are bound, wherefore should I stand in the plague of customs and permit the curiosity of nations to deprive me, for that I am some 12. or 14. moone-shines lag of a brother: why bastard wherefore base, when my demeritions are as well compact, my mind as generous, & my shape as true as honest madams issue why brand they us with base, base bastardy? who in the lusty sealth of nature, take more compassion and fierce quality, then doth with in a stale dull lied bed, go to the creating of a whole tribe of fops got tweene sleep and wake; well the legitimate *Edgar*, I must have your land, our Fathers love is to the bastard *Edmund*, as to the legitimate: well my legitimate, if this letter speed, and my invention thrive *Edmund* the base shall to the legitimate: I grow, I prosper, now Gods stand up for Bastards.

Enter Gloucester.

Ghost. *Kens* banish't thus, and *France* in choller parted, and

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the King goes to night, subscrib'd his power, confined to exhibition, all this done upon the gad; *Edmund*, how now, what newes?

Bast. So please your Lordship, none,

Glo. Why so earnestly seeks you to put up that letter?

Bast. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Bast. Nothing my Lord.

Glo. No, what needs then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket, the quality of nothing hath not such need to hid it selfe, lets see, come if it be nothing I shall not need spectacles.

Bast. I beseech you sir pardon me, it is a Letter from my brother, that I have not all ore read, for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your liking.

Glo. Give me the letter sir.

Bast. I shall offend, either to detaine or give it, the contents as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Lets see, Lets see.

Bast. I hope for my brothers iustification, he wrote this but as an essay, or taste of my vertue.

A Letter.

Glo. This policy of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times, keeps our fortunes from us till our oldnesse cannot relish them, I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who swaies not as it hath power, but as it is suffered, come to mee, that of this I may speake more; if our Father would sleepe till I wakt him, you should enjoy halfe his reueneue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother *Edgar*.

Hum conspiracy, slept till I wakt him, you should enjoy half his reueneue my son *Edgar*, had he a hand to write this, a heart and braine to breed it in? when came this to you, who brought it?

Bast. It was not brought me my Lord, there's the cunning of it, I found it throwne in at the casement of my Closet.

Glo. You know the carrecter to be your brothers?

Bast. If the matter were good my Lord, I durst sweare it were his, but in respect of that, I would faine thinke it were not.

Glo.

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Gloſt. Is it his?

Baſt. It is his hand my Lord, but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Gloſt. Hath he never heeretofore ſounded you in this buſi-
neſſe?

Baſt. Never my Lord, but I have often heard him maintaine it to be ſit, that ſonnes at perfit age, and fathers declining, his father ſhould be as a Ward to the ſonne, and the ſon mannage the revenew.

Gloſt. O villaine, villaine, his very oppinion in the Letter, abhorrid villaine, unnaturall deſtaſt brutiſh villain, worſe then brutiſh go ſir ſeeke him; I, apprehend him, abhominable villaine, where is he?

Baſt. I do not well know my Lord, if it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignatione againſt my brother, till you can derive from him better teſtemony of this intent, you ſhall runne a certaine courſe, where if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your owne honour, and ſhake in peeces the heart of his obedience, I dare pawne downe my life for him, he hath wrote this to ſeele my affection to your Honour, and to no further pretence of danger.

Gloſt. Thinke you ſo?

Baſt. If your Honour iudge it meete, I will place you where you ſhal hear us conferre of this, and by an aſingular aſſurance have your ſatisfaction, and that without any further delay then this very evening.

Gloſt. He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

Baſt. Nor is not ſure.

Gloſt. To his father, that ſo tenderly and entirely loves him heaven and earth! *Edmund* ſeeke him out, wind me in to him, I pray you frame your buſineſſe after your own wiſedome I would unſtate my ſelfe to be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I ſhall ſeeke him ſir preſently, convey the buſineſſe as I ſhall ſee means and acquaint you withall.

Gloſt. Theſe late Eclipſes in the Sun and Moone, portend no good to us, though the wiſedome of nature can reaſon thus and thus, yet nature hinds it ſelfe ſcourgd by the ſequint effects,

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love cooles, frieaship fals off, brothers divide, in Cities muti-
mies, in Countries discords, Pallies treafons, the bond crackt
betweene sonne and father; find out this villanie, *Edmund* it
shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully; and the noble and true
hearted *Kent* banisht, his offence honest; strange, strange!

Bast. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we
are sick in Fortune, often the surfer of our owne behaviour
we make guilty of our disasters, the sonne, the Moone, and the
stars, as if we were villains by necessity, fooles by heavenly
compulsion, knaves, thieves, and trecherers by spirital predo-
minance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedi-
ence of planetary influence, and all that be are evill in, by a di-
vine thrusting on, an admirable evasion of whore-master men,
to lry his gentle disposition to the charge of hars; my Father
compounded with my Mother under the Dragons taile, and my
nativity was under *Vrsamajor*, so that it follows I am rough and
lecherous; But I should have beene that I am had the maiden-
least starre of the Firmiment twinkled on my bastardy; *Edgar*,

Enter Edgar.

and out he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedy, mine
is villanous melancholy; with a sigh like them of *Bedlam*, O
these Eclipses portent these divisions.

Edgar. How now brother *Edmund*, what serious contempla-
tion are you in?

Bast. I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other
day, what should follow these Ecclipses.

Edg. Do you busie your selfe about that?

Bast. I promise you the effects he writ of succeed unhappily,
as of unaturalnesse betwene the childe and the parent, death
death, dissolutions of a ciem: armies, divisions in state, mend-
ces and malidictions against King and Nobles, needlesse diffi-
dences, banishment of friends, dissipation of Cohorts, nuptial
breaches, and I know no: what.

Edg. How long have you bin a sectary Astronomicall?

Bast. Come, come, when saw you my fathers last?

Edg. Why the night gone by,

Bast. Spake you with him?

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Edg. Two houres together.

Bast. Parted you in, good terms? found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Bast. Be hinke your selfe where in you may have offended him, and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarce allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Bast. That's my feare brother, I advise you to the best, go am'd, I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you, I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? *Exit Edgar,*

Bast. I do serve you in this businesse:

A credulous Father, and a brother nobles
Whose nature is so farr from doing harms,
That he suspects none, on whose foolish honesty
My practises ride easie, I see the businesse;
Let me if not by birth, have lands by wight,
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. *Exit.*

Enter Gonoril and a Gentleman.

Gen. Did my Father strike my gentleman for rhiding off his foole?

Gent. Yes Madam.

Gen. By day and night he wrongs me,
Every houre he flashes into one gross crime or other,

That sets us all at odds, Ile not endure it;

His knights grow riotous, and himselfe upbraids us

On every trifle when he returns from hunting,

I will not speake with him, say I am sicke,

If you come slack of former services,

You shall do well, the fault of it Ile answer.

Gent. He's coming Madam, I hear him.

Gen. Put on what weary negligence you please, you and your fellow servants, I do have it come in question, if he dislike it.

Lear.

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him to our sister, whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
not to be over-ruled; idle old man that still would manage
those authorities that he hath given away, now by my life old
fooles are babes again, and must be used with checkes as flat-
teries, when they are seen abus'd, remember what I tell you.

Gent. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks among you,
what growes of it no matter, advise your fellowes so, I would
breed from hence occasions, and I shall, that I may speake, He
writ straight to my sister to hold my very curse; go prepare
for dinner.

Exit.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my speech
deface, my good intent may carry through it selfe to that full is-
sue for which I raizd my liknesse; now banish *Kent*, if thou
canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd, thy master whom
thou lovest, shall find thee full of labour.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Let me not stay a iot for dinner, go get it ready: how
now, what art thou?

Kent. A man sir.

Lear. What dost thou professe? what wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no lesse then I seeme, to serve him
truely that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to con-
verse with him that is wise and saies little, to fear iudgment,
to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest hearted fellow, and as poor as a King.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subiect, as he is for a King, thou
art poor enough; what wouldst thou?

Kent. Service. *Lear.* Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You. *Lear.* Dost thou know me fellow?

Kent. Now sir, but you have that in your countenance, which
I would fain call Master.

Lear. What's that? *Kent.* Authority.

Lear. What service canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsaill; rid, run, marre a curious
tale

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tales in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly, that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing, I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serve me, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet; dinner ho, dinner, where's my knave, my foole, go you and call my foole hither, you sirra, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Steward. So please you — —

Lear. What saies the fellow there? call the clat-pole backe, where's my foole? ho, I thinke the world's asleepe, how now, where's that mungrell?

Kent. He saies my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him?

Servant. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Servant. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgement, your Highnesse is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont, there's a great abatement appears as wel in the general dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha saiest thou so?

Servant. I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I be mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinke your Highnesse is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembrest me of mine owne conception, I have perceiv'd a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine owne iealous curiosity, then as a very pretence and purport of unkindness; I wil look further into it, but wher's this foole? I have not seene him this two daies.

Servant. Since my young-Ladies going into France sir, the foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it, go you and tell my daughter

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daughter, I would speake with her, go you call hither my fooles,
O you sir, you sir, come you hither, who am I sir?

Sir. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father, my Lords knave, you whoreson dog,
you slave, you curre.

Sir. I am none of thi: my Lord, I beseech you pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me you rascall?

Sir. Ile not be strucke my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base football plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou serv'st me, and ile love thee.

Kent. Come sir, ile teach you differences, away, away, if you
will measure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, you
have wisedome.

Lear. Now friendly knave I thanke thee, there's earnest of
thy service.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcombe,

Lear. How now my pretty knave, how doitt thou?

Foole. Sirra, you were best take my coxcombe.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Why for taking ones part that's out of favour, nay and
thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou't catch cold shortly,
there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath banisht twd of
his daughters, and done the third a bletling against his will, if
thou follow him, thou must needs weare my coxcombe, how
now nuncle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.

Lear. Why my boy?

Foole. If I gave them any living, ide keepe my coxcombe my
selfe, theres mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed sirra, the whip.

Foole. Truth is a dog that must to kennell, he must bee whipt
out, when Lady oth'e brach may stand by the fire and stinke,

Lear. A pestilent gull to me.

Foole. Sirra, ile teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it Vuckle; have more then thou shewest, speake
lesse then thou knowest, lend lesse then thou owest, ride more
then

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thou goest, learne more then thou trowest, set lesse then thou throwest, leave thy drink and thy whore, and keepe in a doore, and thou shalt have more, then two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing foole.

Foole. Then like the breath of an unfeed Lawier, you gave me nothing for it; can you make no use of nothing Vncle?

Lear. Why no boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prethee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to he will not beleewe a foole.

Lear. A bitter foole,

Foole. Dost thou know the difference my boy, betweene a bitter foole, and a sweet foole.

Lear. No lad, teach me.

Foole. That Lord that counsaile thee to give away thy Land, Come place him here by me, do thou for him stand, The sweet and bitter foole will presently appear, The one in motley heare and the other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me foole boy?

Foole. Altho other Titles thou hast given away, that thou wast borne with,

Kent. this is not altogether foole my Lord.

Foole. No faith, Lords and great men will not let me, if I had a monopolie out, they would have part on't, and lodes too, they wil not let me have all foole to my selfe, thei'l be snatching, give me an egge Nuncle, and ile give thee two crownes.

Lear. What two crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why after I have cut the egge in the middle and eat up the meate, the two crownes of the egge: when thou clovest thy crowne in the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thy asse on thy back ore the dirt, thou hadst littl wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gavest thy golden one away; if I speak like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first findes it so.

Fooles had nere lesse wit in a yeare,
For wite men are growne foppish,
They know not how their wits do weare,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs sirra?

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Foole. I have used it Nuncle ever since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mother, for when thou gavest them the rod, and putt'st downe thine owne breeches, then they for sudden joy did weep and I for sorrow sung, that such a King should play bo-peep, and goe the fool's among: prethee Nuncle keepe a schoole-matter that can teach thy foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie

Lear. If you lie weel have you whipt.

Foole. I marvell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou wilt have me whipt for lying, and sometime I am whipt for holding my peace, I had rather be any kind of thing then a foole, and yet I would not bee thee Nuncle, thou hast pared thy wit a both sides, and left nothing in the middle; here comes one of the parings.

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now daughter, what makes that Frontlet on, Me thinks you are too much alate it's frowne.

Foole. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowne, thou, thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a foole, thou art a thing, yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps neither crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some. That's a sheald pescod.

Gon. Not onely fir this, your all-licenc'd foole, but other of your insolent retinue do hourly carpe and quarell, breaking forth in ranke and (not to be endured riots) Sir I had thought by making this well knowne unto you, to have found a safe redresse, but now grow fearfull by what your selfe too late have spoke and don, that you protest this course, and put on by your allowance, which if you should, the fault would not scape censure, nor the redresse sleepe, which in the tender of a wholesome weal, might in their working do you that offence, that else were shame, that then necessity must call discreet proceedings.

Foole. For you trow Nuncle, the hedge-sparrow fed the Coo-kow so long, that it had it head bit off be it young, so out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughters?

Gon.

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Gonrill. Come sir, I would you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught, and put away these dispositions, that of late transforme you from what you rightly are.

Foole. May not an Ass know when the Cart drawes the horse whoop *In* I love thee.

Lear. Doth any here know me? why this is not *Lear*; doth *Lear* walke thus? speake thus? where are his eies, either his notion, weaknesse, or his discernings are lethargy, sleeping or waking; ha! sure tis not so, who is it that can tell me who I am? *Lear*s shadow? I would learne that, for by the markes of sovereignty, knowledge, & reason: I should be false perswaded I had daughters.

Foole. Which they will make an obedient Father.

Lear. Your name faire gentlewoman.

Gon. Come sir, this admiration is much of the favour of other your new pranks; I do beseech you understand my purposes aright, as you are old and reverend, you should be wise, heere do you keep one hundred Knights and Squires, men so disordered, so deboyst and bold, that this our Court infected with their manners, shewes like a riotus Inne, epicurisme and lust make more like a Taverne or Brothell, then a great Pallace, the shame it selfe doth speake for instant remedy, bee thou desired by her, that else will take the thing she begs, a little to disquantity your traine, and the remainder that shall still depend, to be such men as may be sort your age and know themselves any you.

Lear. Darknesse and Divels! saddle my horses, call my train together, degenerate bastard, ile not trouble thee; yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorderly rabble, make servants of their betters.

Enter Duke.

Lear. We that too late repent's us; O sir are you come? Is it your will that we prepar any horses, ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend, more hideous when thou shewest thee in a childe, then the Sea-monster, detested kite, thou lessen my traine and men of choise and rarest parts, that al particulars of duty know,

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and in the most exact regard, support the worshippes of their name, O most smal fault, how ugly didst thou in *Cordelia* shew, that like an engine wretcht my farme of nature from the first place draw from my heart al love, and added to 'ae gal; o *Lear*, *Lear*! beat at this gate that let thy folly in, and thy dear iudgment out go, go, my people!

Duke. My Lord, I am guiltlesse as I am ignorant.

Lear. It may be so my Lord, harke *Nature*, heare deare Goddesse, suspend thy purpose, if thou didst in tend to make this creature fruitfull, into her wombe convey sterility, dry up in her the Organs of encrease, and from her derogate body never spring a babe to honor her; if she must teem, create her child of spleen, that it may live & be a thourt disventur'd torment to her, let it stampe wrinkles in her brow of youth, with accient teares, fret channels in her cheekes, turne all her mothers paines and benefits to laughter and contempt, that shee may feele, how sharper then the serpens tooth it is, to have a thanklesse childe, go, go, my people?

Duke. Now Gods that we adore, whereof comes this!

Gen. Never afflict your selfe to know the cause, but let his disposition have that scope that dotage gives it.

Lear. What fifty of my followers at a clap, within a fortnight?

Duke. What is the matter sir?

Lear. Ile tell thee, life and death! I am asham'd that thou hast power to shake my man-hood thus, that these hot teares that breake from me perforce, should make the worst blasts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a fathers curse, peruse every fence about the old fond eies, be-weepe this cause againe, ile plucke you out, and you cast with the waters that you make to temper clay, yea, is it come to this? yet have I left a daughter, whom I am sure is kind and comfortable, when she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes shee'l key thy wolvisk visage, thou shalt find that ile resume the shape, which thou doest thinke I have cast off for ever, thou shalt I warrent thee.

Exit.

Gen. Do you marke that my Lord?

Duke. I cannot be so partiall *Gonvill* to the great love I beare you,

Gon.

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Con. Come sir, no more; you, more knave then fool, after your master.

Foole. Nuncle *Lear*, Nuncle *Lear*, tarry and take the foole with a fox when one has caught her, and such a daughter, should sure to the slaughter, if my cap would buy a halter, so the foole follows after.

Gon. What *Oswald*, ho.

Oswald. Heere Madam.

Gon. What, have you writ this letter to my sister?

Osw. Yes Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse, Inform her full of my particuliar fears, & thereto adde such reasons of your own, as may compact it more, get you gone, and after your returne — now my Lord, this mildie gentleness and course of yours though I dislike not, yet under pardon y'are much more apt want of wisdom, then praise for harmfull mildnesse.

Duke. How farre your eyes may pearce I cannot tell, Striving to better ought, we marre what's well.

Gon. Nay then —

Duke. Well, well, the event.

Exit.

Enter Lear Kent, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Glocester* with these letters, acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your diligence be not speedie, I shall be there before you

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I have delivered your letter.

Exit.

Foole. If a mans braines were in his heeles, wert not in danger of kybes?

Lear. I boy.

Foole. Then I prethee be merry, thy wit shall nere go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Foole. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly, for though she is as like this, as a crabb is like an apple, yet I can what I can tell.

Lear. Why what canst thou tell my boy?

Foole. She'll taste as like this, as a crab doth to a crab; thou canst

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canst not tell why ones nose stands in the middle of his face ?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keep his eyes on either side his nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong !

Foole. Canst thou tell how an Oyster makes his shell.

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snayle has a house.

Lear. Why ?

Foole. Why to put his head in and not to give it away unto his daughter and leave his hornes without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature, so kind a father, be my horses ready ?

Foole. Thy Asses are gone about them ; the reason why the seven starres are no more then seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Foole. Yes, thou wouldst make a good foole

Lear. To tak't againe perforce ; monster, ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my foole Nunckle, I'de have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that ?

Foole. Thou shouldst not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad sweet heaven ! I would not bee mad, keepe me in temper, I would not be mad ; are the Horses ready ?

Servant. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come boy.

Exit.

Foole. She that is maid now and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long except things be cut shorter.

Exit.

Enter Bastard, and Curan meets him.

Bast. Save thee *Curan.*

Curan. And you sir, I have been with your father, and given him notice, that the Duke of Cornwall and his Dutcheffe will be here with him to night.

Bast. How comes that ?

Curan.

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Curan. Nay I know not, you have heard of the newes abroad,
I meane the whispermongers, for there are yet but care-busling arguments.

Bast. Not, I pray you what are they?

Curan. You may then in time, fare you well sir.

Exit.

Bast. The Duke be here to night / the better best, this weaves
it selfe perforce into my businesse, my father hath set guard to
take my brother, & I have one thing of a queisic question, which

Enter Edgar.

must aske breeseffe and fortune helpe; brother a word, dis-
cend brother I say in y father watcher, O flie this place, intelli-
gence is given where you are hid, you have now the good ad-
vantage of the night, have you not spoken against the Duke of
Cornwall ought, hee's coming hether now in the night, it'h haste,
and Regan with him, have you nothing said upon his party a-
gainst the Duke of Albany, advise your——

Edg. I am sure on't not a word.

Bastard. I heare my father comming, pardon me in craving, I
must draw my sword upon you, sceme to defend your selfe, now
quit you well, yeld, come before my father, light heere, heere,
flie brother flie, torches, torches, so farewell; some bloud drawn
one me would beget opinion of my more fierce endeavor, I have
seene drunkards do more then this in sport; father, father, stop,
stop, no helpe?

Enter Gloucester.

Gloster. Now Edmund, where's the villaine?

Bast. Heere stood he in the darke, his sharpe sword out, war-
bling of wicked charmes, conjuring the Moone to stand his auspi-
cious Mistress.

Gloster. But where is he?

Bast. Looke sir I bleed.

Gloster. Where is the villaine, Edmund?

Bast. Fled this way sir, when by no meanes he could——

Gloster. Pursue him, go after him, by no means what?

Bast. Perswade me to the murder of your Lordship, but that
I told him the seven give Gods, against Paracides did all their
thunders

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thunders bend, spoke with how many fould and stronge a bond the child was bound to the father; sir, in a fine, seeing how lothly opposite I stood to his unnatural purpose, with fell motion with his prepared sword, he charges home my unprovided body, launcht mine arme; but when he saw my best alarumd spirits bold in the quarrels right, rounzd to the encounter, or whether gasted by the noise I made, but sodainly he fled.

Glo. Let him flie farre, not in this Land shall he remaine uncaught and found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my master, my worthy Arch and Patron comes to night, by his authority I will proclame it, that he which findes him shall deserve our thanks, bringing the murderous caytiffe to the stake, he that conceales him, death.

Bo. When I dissuaded him from his int'n, and found him right to do it, with curst speech I threatned to discover him; he replied, Thou unpossessing bastard, dost thou thinke, if I would stand against thee, could the repose of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee make thy words faith'd? no: what I should deny, as this I would, I, though thou didst produce my very character, ide turne it alto thy suggestion, plot, and damned pretence, and thou must make a dullard of the world, if they not thought the profits of my death were very pregnant and potentiall spurrs to make thee seeke it.

Glo. Strong and fastned villaine, would he deny his letter? I never got him hark, the Dukes trumpets, I know not why he comes; all Ports ile barre, the villaine shall not scape, the Duke must grant me that: besides, his picture I wil send farr and neer, that all the kingdome may have note of him, and of my land, (loyall and naturall boy) ile worke the meanes to make the capable.

Enter the Duke of Cornwall.

Corn. How now my noble friend, since I came hether, which I can call but now, I have heard strange newes.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short which can pursue the offender; how dost my Lord?

Glo. Madam my old heart is crackt, is crackt.

Reg. What, did my fathers godson seeke your life? he whom

my

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my father named your *Edgar*.

Gloſt. I Lady, Lady, ſhame would have hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights that tends upon my father ?

Gloſt. I know not madam, tis too bad, too bad.

Basſ. Yes madam, he was.

Reg. No marvaile then though he were ill affected,
Tis they have put him on the old mans death,

To have theſe——and waſte of this his revenues;

I have this preſent evening from my ſiſter

Beene well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,

That if they come to ſoiourne at my houſe ile not be there.

Duke. Nor I, aſſure theſe *Regan, Edmund*, I heard that you have ſhewne your father a child-like office.

Basſ. Twas my duty ſir.

Gloſt. He did betray his praſtiſe and received
This hurt you ſee, ſtriving to apprehend him.

Duke. Is he purſued ?

Gloſt. I my good Lord.

Duke. If he be taken, he ſhall never more be feard of doing harm, make your owne purpoſe how in my ſtrength you pleaſe; for you *Edmund*, Whoſe vertue and obedience doth this inſtant ſo much commend it ſelf, you ſhall be ours, natures of ſuch deep truſt we ſhall much need, you we firſt ſeize on.

Basſ. I ſhall ſerve you truely, how ever elſe.

Gloſt. For him I thanke your Grace.

Duke. You know not why we came to viſite you ?

Regan. Thus out of ſeaſon, threatning darke cide night,

Oceaſions noble *Gloceſter* of ſome prize,

Wherein we muſt have uſe of your advice,

Our father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,

Of defences, which I beſt thought it fit,

To anſwer from our hand, the ſeverall meſſengers

From hence attend diſpatch, our good old friend,

Lay comforts to your boſome, & beſtow your needfull counſell

To our buſineſſe, which craves the inſtant uſe.

Exit.

Gloſt.

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Gloſt. I ſerv: you Madam, your Graces are right welcome.

Enter Kent, and Steward.

Steward. Good even to thee friend, art of the houſe?

Kent. I.

Steward. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. In the mire.

Stew. Prethee if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lynbury* pinfould, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why doſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meates, a baſe, proud ſhallow, beggerly, three ſhewted hundred pound, filthy worſted-ſtocken knave, a lilly liver'd action taking knave, a whoſon glaſſe-gazing ſuperfinicall rogue, one trunked inheriting ſlave, one that would't be a baud in way of good ſervice, & art nothing but the compoſition of a knave, begger, coward, pander, and the ſon and heire of a mungrell bitch, whom I wll beate into clamorous whining, if thou deny the leaſt ſillable of the addition.

Stew. What a monſterous fellow art thou, thus to ralle on one that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.

Kent. What a brazen ſac't & verlet art thou to deny thou knoweſt me, is it two daies a goe ſince I beate thee, and tript up thy heeles before the King? draw you rogue, for though it be night, the Moon ſhines, ile make a ſop of the Moone-ſhine a' you, draw you whorſon cully only barber-munger, draw.

Stew. Away, I have no thing to doe with thee.

Kent. Drew you rascal, you bring Letters againſt the King, & take Vanity the puppets part, againſt the royalty of her father, draw you rogue, or ile ſo carbonado your ſhanks, draw you rascal, come your waies,

Stew. Helpe, he, murder, helpe.

Kent.

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Kent. Strike you slave, stand rogue, stand you neate slave;
strike,

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

*Enter Edmund with his Rapier drawne, Gloucester, the
Duke and Dutchesse.*

Bast. How now, what's the matter?

Kent. With you Goodman boy, and you please come, ile fleash
you, come on yong master.

Gloft. Weapons, armer, what's the matter heare?

Duke. Keepe peace upon your lives, he dies that strikes againe
what's the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister, and the King.

Duke. What's your difference, speake?

Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No maruaile you have so bestir'd your valour, you co-
wardly rascall, nature disclaimes in thee a tailor made thee.

Duke. Thou art a strange fellow, a tailor make a man.

Kent. I, a tailor sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter could not
have made him so ill, though he had bene but two hours at the
trade.

Gloft. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stew. This ancient ruffian sir, whose life I have spar'd at sute
of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whorson Zed, thou unnecessary letter my Lord
if you will give me leave, I will tread this unboulded villaine in-
to morter, and daube the wals of Iaques with him; spare my
gray-beard you wagtaile?

Duke. Peace sir, you beastly knave you have no reverence,

Kent. Yes sir, but anger has a priviledge.

Duke. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should weare a sword,
That weares no honesty, such smiling rogues as these,
Like Rats oft bite those cordes in twaine,
Which are to intrench, to inloose smooth every passion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,

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Bring oile to stir, snow to their colder moods,
Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes
With every gale and vary of there masters,
Knowing nought like daies but following,
A plague upon your Epelipticke visage,
Smoile you my speeches, as I were a foole?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum Plaine,
Ide send you cackling home to Camulet.

Duke. What art thou mad old fellow?

Gloſt. How tell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I and such a knave.

Duke. Why dost thou call him knave, what's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Duke. No more perchance doth mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, tis my ocupation to be plaine,
I have scene better faces in my time,
Then stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Duke. This is a fellow, who having beene praised
For bluntnesse, doth affect a saucy ruffines,
And constranes the garb quite from his nature,
He cannot flatter he, he must be plaine,
He must speake truth, and they will take it so,
If not hee's plaine, these kind of knaves I know,
Which in this plainnesse harbour more craft,
And more corrupter ends, then twenty silly ducking
Observants, that strech their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir in good sooth, or in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire
In fletkering *Phœbus* front.

Duke. What meanst thou by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialogue which you discommend so
much; I know sir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plain
accent, was a plain knave, which for my part I will not be, though
I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Duke.

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Duke. What's the offence you gave him?

Siew. I never gave him any, it pleased the King his master
Very late to strike at me upon his misconstruction,
When he coniunct and flattering his displeasure
Tript me behinde, being downe, insulted, raild,
And put upon him such a deale of man, that
That worthied him, got praises of the King,
For him attempting who was selfe subdued,
And in the flechvent of this dread exploit,
Draw on me heere againe.

Kent. None of these rogues & cowards but *A* is their foole.

Duke. Bring forth the stockes ho?

You stubborne miscreant knave, you unreverant bragart,
Wee'l teach you.

Kent. I am too old to learne, call not your stockes for me,
I serve the King, on whose employments I was sent to you,
You should doe small respect, shew to bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stopping his messenger.

Duke. Fetch forth the stockes; as I have life and honour,
There shall he sit till noone.

Reg. Till noone, till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your fathers dog you could not
use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

Duke. This is a fellow of the same nature,
Our sister speakes off, come, bring away the stockes.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so, I beseech you
His fault is much, and the Good King his Master
Will checke him for't; your purposed low correction
Is such, as basest and temnest wretches for pilfings
And most common trespasses are punished with,
The King must take it ill, that hee's so slightly valued
In his Messenger, should have him thus restrained.

Duke. He answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted.

For

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For following her affaires, put in his legs,
Come my Lord away.

Exit.

Gloſt. I am ſorry For thee friend, tis the Dukes pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition all the world well knowes
Will not be rubbd nor ſtopt, Ile inreat for thee.

Kent. Pray you do not ſir, I have watcht and travell'd hard,
Some time I ſhall ſleepe out the reſt Ile whiſtle,
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles,
Give you good morrow.

Gloſt. The Duke's too blame in this, twill be ill tooke.

Exit.

Kent. Good King that muſt approve the common ſaw,
Thou out of heavens benediction com'eſt
To the warme Sunne.

Approach thou beacon to this under-globe,
That by thy comfortable beames I may
Peruſe this letter, nothing almoſt ſees my wracke
But miſery I know tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath moſt fortunately bene informed
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall find time
From this enormous ſtate, ſeeking to give
Loſſes their remedies, all weary and over-watcht,
Take vantage heavy eies not to behold
This ſhamefull lodging; Fortune good night,
Smile once more turne thy wheele.

He ſleeper.

Enter Edgar.

Edgar. I heare my ſelfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Eſcape the hunt, no port is free, no place
That guard, and moſt unuſall vigilance.
Doſt not attend my taking while I may ſcape;
I will preſerve my ſelfe, and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt ſhape,
That ever penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beaſt; my face ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, elſe all my heare with knots,

And

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And with presented nakednesse out-face
The wind, and persecution of the skie,
The Country gives me prooffe and president
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare Armes,
Pins, wooden prickes, nailes, sprigs of rosemary,
And with this horrible object from low service,
Poore pelting villages, sheep-coates, and miles,
Sometime with lunaticke bans, sometime with prayers
Enforce their charity, poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,
That's something yet, *Edgar* I nothing am.

Exit.

Enter King and a Knight.

Lear. Tis strange that they should so depart from hence,
And not send backe my messenger.

Knight. As I learn'd, the night before there was
No purpose of his remove.

Kent. Haile to thee noob'le Master.

Lear. How, mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Foole. Ha, ha, looke, he weares crewill garters,
Horses are tide by the heeles, dogs and beares
By the necke, munkies by the loines and men
By the legs, when a man's over lusty at leges,
When he weares wooden neather-stocke,

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistooke to see
thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she your sonne and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No I say.

Kent. I say yea.

Lear. No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yea they have.

Lear. By *Jupiter* I sweare no they durst not do it,
They would not, could not do it, tis worse then murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage,
Resolve me with all modest hast, which way

E

Thou

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Thou maiest deserve, or they purpose this usage,
Comming from us.

Kent. My Lord when at their home
I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shewed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking Post,
Stewd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his mistris salutations,
Delivered letters of spight of intermission,
Which presently they read; on whose contents
They summond up their men, straight tooke horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend the leisure
Of their answer, gave me cold looks,
And meeting heare the other messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poisoned mine,
Being the very fellow that of late
Displaid so sawcily against your Highnesse,
Having more man then wit about me drew;
He raised the house with loud and coward cries,
Your sonne and daughter found this trespassse worth
This shame which here it suffers.

Lear. O how this mother swels up toward my heart,
Historica passio down thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earle sir within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay there.

Knight. Made you no more offence then what you speak of?

Kent. No, how chance the King comes with so small a train?

Foole. If thou hadst beene set in the stocks for that question,
thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why foole?

Foole. Wee'l set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee there's
no laboring in the winter all that follow there noses, are led by
the r eyes, but blind men, and there's not a nose among a hun-
dred, but can smell him that's stinking; let go thy hold when
a great wheele runs downe a hill, least it break thy necke with
following it, but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw
thee.

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thee after, when a wise man gives thee better counsell, give me
mise againe, I would have none but knaves follow it, since a
foole gives it.

*That Sir that serves for gaine,
And follows but for forme;
Will pack when it begins to raine,
And leave thee in the storme.
But I will tarry, the foole will stay,
And let the wise man flie;
The knave turns foole that runnes away.
The foole no knave perdy.*

Kent. Where learne you this foole?

Foole. Not in the stockes.

Enter Lear and Gloucester.

Lear. Deny to speake with me? th'are sicke, th'are weary,
They traveled hard to night, meane Iustice,
I the images of revolt and flying off,
Fetch me a better answer.

Gloster. My deare Lord, you know the firey quality of the Duke,
how unremoveable and fixt he is in his owne course.

Lear. Vengeance, death plague, confusion, what firey quali-
ty; why *Gloster, Gloucester*, ide speake with the Duke of *Corn-
wall*, and his wife.

Gloster. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would speake with *Cornwall*, the deare father
Would with his daughter speake, commands her service,
Firey Duke, tel the hot Duke that *Lear*,
No but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth still neg lect all office, where to our health
Is bound, we are not our selves when nature being oppress,
Commands the minde to suffer with the body, ile for beare,
And am fallen out with my more heddie will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit for the sound man,
Death on my state, wherefore should he be here?

The acte perswades me, charitable remotion of the Duke and her

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Edg. I will, onely give me my servant forth;
Tell the Duke and his wife, Ile speake with them
Now presently, bid them come forth and heare me,
Or a their chamber door Ile beate the drum;
Till it cry sleepe to death.

Gloster. I would have all well betwixt you.

Lear. O my heart! my heart,

Fool. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the Ecle,
when she put them upi'th past alive, she rap'um'ath coxcombs
with a sticke, and cryed down wantonnes, downe; 'twas her brother,
that in pure kindnesse to his horse, butterd his hay.

Enter Duke and Regan.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Duke. Haile to your Grace.

Reg. I am glad to see your Highnesse.

Lear. *Regan*, I thinke you are, I know what reason
I have to thinke so; if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mothers toombe,
Sepulchring an adulteresse, yea, are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*,
Thy sister is naught, O *Regan*. she hath tied
Sharpe tooth'd unkindnesse, like a vulture heere,
I can scarce speake to thee, thou'rt not beleewe,
Of how depriyed a quality, O *Regan*.

Reg. I pray sir take patience, I have hope
You lesse know how to value her desert;
Then she to slack her duty.

Lear. My curses on her.

Reg. O sir, you are olde,
Nature on you stands on the very verge of her Confinde,
You should be rul'd and led by some discretions,
That deserves your state better then you your selfe;
There fore I pray, that to our sistreryon do make returne;
Say you have wrongd her sir.

Lear. aske her forgiveness,
Do you marke how this becommes the house?

Deare

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Deare daughter, I confesse that I am old,
Age is unnecessary, on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me rayment, bed and food.

Reg. Good sir no more, these are unsightly tricks,
Returne you to my sister,

Lear. No Regan,

She hath abated me of halfe my traine,
Look't back upon me, stroke me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like upon the very heart,
All the stor'd vengence of heaven fall on her ingrateful top,
Strike her young bones, you taking aires with lamenesse.

Duke. Fie, fie sir,

Lear. Your nimble lightnings part your blinding flames
Into her scornfull eies, infect her beauty,
You Fen suck't fogs, drawne by the powerfull Sunne,
To fall and blast her pride.

Reg. O the blest Gods so will you wish on me,
When the rash mood—

Lear. No Regan, thou shalt never have thy cure,
The tender hasted nature shall not give thee are
To harshnes, her eies are fierce, but thine do comfort & not burn
Tis not in thee to grudge my Pleasures, to cut off my traine,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion, to appose the bolt
Against my comming in, thou better knowest
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
Effects of curtesie, dues of gratitude,
Thy halfe of the kingdome, hast thou not forgot
Wherein I thee endowed,

Reg. Good sir to the purpose.

Lear. Who Put my man i'th stocks?

Duke. What trumpets that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't my sister, this approves her letters,
That she would soone be heare, is your Lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easie borrowed pride

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Dwels in the fickle grace of her he followes,
Out varlet, from my sight,
Duke. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonerill

Gon. Who stricke my servant? *Regan,* I have good hope,
Thou didst not know ont.

Lear. Who comes heere? O heavens!
If you do love old men, if you sweet sway allow
Obedience, if your selves are old, make it your cause,
Send downe and take my part;
Art not a sham'd to looke upon this beard?
O *Regan,* wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand sir, how have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage termes so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough,
Will you yet hold? how came my man i'th stocks?

Duke. I set him there, but his owne disorders
Deserv'd much lesse advancement.

Lear. You; did you?

Reg. I pray you father being weake, seeme so,
If till the expiration of your moneth,
You will returne and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.

Lear Returne to her, and fifty men dismiss?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmity of the ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch, returne with her:
Why the hot blood in *France*, that dowciles
Tooke our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squier-like pension beg,
To keepe base life a note; returne with her?
Perswade me rather to be slave and sumpter

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To this detasted groom.

Gen. At your choise sir.

Lear. Now I prethee daughter do not make me mad.

I will not trouble thee my child, farwell,

Wee'l no more meet, no more see one another.

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,

Or rather a disease that lies within my flesh,

Which I must needs call mine, thou art a byle,

A plaguef ore, an imbossed carbuncle in my

Corrupted blood, but ile not chide thee,

Let shame come when it will I do not call it,

I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoote,

Nor tell tales of thee to high iudging *Love*,

Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leisure,

I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,

I and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so sir, I looke not for you yet.

Nor am provided for your fit welcome,

Give eare to my *sister*, for those

That mingle reason with your passion,

Must be content to thinke you are old, and so,

But she knowes what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it sir, what fifty followers,

It is not well? what should you need of more,

Ye or so many, sith that both charge and danger

Speakes gainst so great a number, how in a house

Should many people under two commands

Hold amity, tis hard almost impossible.

Gen. Why might not you my Lord, receive attendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine.

Reg. Why not my Lord? if then they chancest to slacke you,

We could controule them; if you will come to me,

(For now I spie a danger) I entreat you

To bring but five and twenty, to no more.

Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all.

Reg.

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Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my gwardians, my deponaries,
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number, what, must I come to you
With five and twenty, *Regan*, said you so?

Reg. And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked, creaturs yet do seeme well-fayourd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst,
Stands in some ranke of praise, ile go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Heare me my Lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Regan. What needs one?

Lear. O reason not the deed, our basell beggere
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
Allow not nature more then nature needs,
Mans life's as cheap as beasts; thou art a Lady,
If onely to go warme were gorgious,
Why nature needs not what thou gorgions wearest,
Which scarsely keeps thee warme, but for true need,
You heavens give me that patience, patience I need,
You see me heare (you Gods) a poore old fellow;
As full of greese as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stirrs these daughters hearts
Against their Father, foole me not to much,
To beare it lamely, touch me with noble anger,
O let not womens weapons, water drops
Staine my mans cheekes, no your naturall hags,
I will have such revenges on you doth,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,
What they are yet I know not but they shall be
The terrors of the earth; you think ile weepe,
No, ile not weepe, I have full cause of weeping,
But this heart shall breake in a thousand shoues

Ere

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Ere ile weepe; O foole, I shall go mad.

Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Foole.

Duke. Let us withdraw, twill be a storme.

Reg. This house is little, the old man and his people,
Cannot be well bestowed.

Com. Tis his owne blame hath put himsele from rest,
And n u ' nee's taste his folly.

Reg. For his perticular, ile receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Duke. So am I purposed, where is my Lord of Gloucester.

Enter Gloucester.

Reg. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage, and will I know not whether.

Reg. Tis good to give him way, he leads himsele.

Gon. My Lord entreat him by no meanes to stay.

Glo. Alacke, the night comes on, and the bleake winds
Do sorely ruffell, for many miles about there is not a bush.

Reg. O sir, to wilfull men,
The iniuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoole-masters, shut up your doores,
He is attended with a desperate traine,
And whar they may incense him too, being apt,
To have his eare abused, wisdom bids feare.

Duke. Shut up your doores my Lord, tis a wilde night,
My Regan ceus selfs well, come out ath storme.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman at severall doores.

Kent. what's heere beside soule weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretfull Element,
Bids the winds blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters above the maine,
That thing might change or cease, teares his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts with eielesse rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of,
Strives in his little world of man to owe scorn.

The

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The to and fro conflicting wind and raine,
This night wherein the club-drawne Beare would couch,
The Lyon, and the bel y-pinch'd Wolfe
Keepe their furs dry, unbonneted he runnes,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-iest
His heart strooke injuries.

Kent. Sir I do know you,
And dare upon the warrant of my Art,
Commented a dear thing to you, there is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*.
But true it is from *France* there comes a power
Into this scatter'd knigdom, who already wise in our negligence
Have secret see in some of our best Ports,
And are at point to shew their open banner,
Now to you, if on my credite you dare build so farre,
To make your speed to *Dover*, you shall find,
Some that will thanke you, making iust report
Of how unnaturall and demadding sorrow
The King hath caus'd to plaine;
I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance,
Offer this Office to you.

Gent. I will talke further with you.

Kent. No do not,
For confirmation that I much more
Then my outwall, open this purle and take
What it containes, if you shall see *Cordelia*,
As doubt not but you shall shew her this ring,
And she will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you do not know, he one this storme,
I will goe seeke the King.

Gent. Give me your hand, have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet,
That when we have found the King,

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He this way, you that, he that first lights
One him, hollow the other.

Exeunt.

Enter Lear and Foole.

Lear. Blow winde and crake your cheekes, rage blow
You cartericks, and Hercantos spout till you have brent
The steeples, drown the cocks, you sulphurous and
Thought executing fires, vaunt-currers to
Oke-cleaving thunder-bolts, sing my white head,
And thou all shaking thunder, smite flat
The thick rotundity of the world, crake natures
Mold, all Germaines spill at once that make
Ingrate full man.

Foole. O Nunckle, Court holy water in a dry house
Is better then this raine water out a doore,
Good Nunckle in, and aske thy daughters blessing,
Heare's a night pitties neither wise man nor foole.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout raine,
Nor raine, winde, thunder, fire, are my daughters,
I taske not you, you Elements with unkindnesse,
I never gave you kingdome, cald you children,
You owe me no subscription; why then les fall your horrible
Pleasure, here I stand your slave, a poore, infirme weake, and
Despised old man, but yet I call you servile
Ministers, that have wish two pernicious daughters loyn'd
Your high engendred battell gainst a head so old and white
As this, O tis foule.

Foole. He that haz a house to put his head in, haz a good head-
peece, the codpeece that will house before the head, haz any the
head and he shall lowse, so beggers marry many, the man that
makes his toe, what he haz heart should make, shal have a corne
cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake, for there was never yet
faire woman but she made mouths in a glasse.

Lear. No I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Enter Kent.

Kent. Who's there?

F 2

Foole.

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Foole. Merry heare's grace and a codpis that's a wiseman, and a foole.

Kent. Alasse sir, fit you heare?

Things, that love night, love not such nights as these;
The rathfull Skies gallow the verry wanderer of the
Darke and makes them keepe their caves,
Since I was a man, such sheets of fire,
Such bursts of horrid thunder, such grones of
Roring winde and raine, I nere remember
To have heard mans nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods that keepe this dreadfull
Thundring ore our heads, finde out their enemies now,
Tremble thou wretch that hast within thee
Vndivulged crimes, unwhipt of Justice,
Hide thee thou bloody hand, thou periur'd, and
Thou simulier man of vertue that art incestious,
Caytiffe in peeces shake, that under covert
And convenient seeming, hast practised on mans life,
Close pent up gults, rive your concealed centers,
And cry these dreadfull summoners gr- ce,
I am a man more sind against their sinning.

Kent. Alacke beare headed, gracious my Lord, hard by here is
a hovell, some friendship will it lend you gainst the tempest re-
pose you ther whilst I to this hard house, more hard then is the
stone whereof it is rais'd, which even but now demanding after
me, denide me to come in, return and force their scanted curte-
sie.

Lear. My wit begins to turne,
Come on my boy, how dost my boy, art cold?
I am cold my selfe, where is this straw my fellow,
The art of our necessities is strange, that can
Make vilde things precious, come you hovell poore,
Foole and knave, I have one part of my heart
That sorrowes yet for thee,

Foole. He that haz a little tine wit, with hey ho the wind and
the raine, must make content with his fortunes fit, for the raine,

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it raineth every day.

Lear. True my good boy, come bring us to this howell.

Enter Gloucester, and the Bastard with lights.

Gloſt. Alacke, alacke, *Edmund* I like not this
Unnatuall dealing, when I desired their leave
That I might pittie him, they tooke from me
The use of mine owne house, charged me on paine
Of their displeasure, neither to speake of him.
Entreate for him, nor any way sustaine him.

Bast. Most savage and unnaturall.

(*Dukes,*

Gloſt. Go too, say you nothing, there's a division betwixt the
And a worse matter then that, I have received
A letter this night, tis dangerous to be spoken,
I have lockt the letter in my Closet, these injuries
The King now beares, will be reveuged home;
There's part of a power already landed,
We must incline to the King, I will seeke him,
And privily releave him; go you and maintaine talke
With the Duke, that my charity be not of him
Perceived; if he aske for me, I am ill, and gone
To bed though I die for it as no lesse is threatned me;
The King my old Master must be releevd, there is
Some strange thing toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull.

Exit.

Bast. This curtisie forbid ther, shall the Duke instantly know,
And of that letter to, this seemes a faire deserving,
And must draw to me that which my father loses no lesse
Then all, then younger rises when the old do fall.

Exit.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter, the tir-
rany of the open night's to ruffe for nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne, good my Lord enter.

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Lear. Thou thinkst tis much, that this cruelitious storme
Invades us to the skin, so tis to thee,
But where the greater masady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt: thou wouldst shun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thoud'it meet the beare it'h mouth, when the mind's free,
The bodies delicate, tempest in my mind,
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beares their filiall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand
For listning food to it? but I will punish sure;
No I will weepe no more; in such a night as this!
O *Regan, Gonerill*, your old kind father
Whose franke heart gave you all, O that way madnesse lies,
Let me shunne that, no more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Prethee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile go in,
Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are
That bide the pelting of the pirtilese night,
How shall your houseless-heads, and unfed sides,
Your loopt and windowed raggednesse defend you
From seasons such as these, O I have tane
Too little care of this, take physicke pompe:
Expose thy selfe to seele what wretches feele,
That thou maist shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more iust.

Foole. Come not in here Nunckle, here's a spirit help me, help me.

Kent. Give me thy hand who's there?

Foole. A spirit, he saies his name is poore Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there in the straw?
come forth.

Edg. Away, the foule fiend followes me, through the sharpe
hathorne blowes the cold winde, goe to thy cold bed & warme
thee.

Lear.

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Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters, and art thou come to this.

Edg. Who gives any thing to poore *Tom*, whom the foule fiend hath led through fire and throgh foord, and whirl-pool ore bog and quagmire, that haz lain knives under his pillow, & halters in his pue fet ratsbane by his pottage, made him proud of heart, to ride one a bay trotting horse over foure incht bridges, to curse his owne shadow for a traitor, blesse thy five wits, *Tom* a colde, blesse thee from whistle-winds, starre-blusting, & taking do poore *Tom* some charity, whom the foule fiend vexes, there could I have him now and there, and there againe.

Lear. What his daughters brought him to this passe, Couldst thou save nothing? didst thou give them all?

Foole. Nay he reserved a blanket, else wee had beene all shamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre Hang fated ore mens faults, fall on thy daughters.

Kent. He hath no daughters sir.

Lear. Death traitor nothing could have subdued nature To such a lownesse, but his unkind daughters, Is it the fashion that discarded fathers, Should have thus little mercy on their flesh, Iudicious punishment, twas this flesh Begot those Pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat one pelicaeks hill, a lo lo lo.

Foole. This cold night will turne us all to fooles & madmen.

Edg. Take heed of the foule fiend, obey thy parents, keepe thy words iustly, swear not, commit not with mans sworne spouse, set not thy sweet heart on proud array; *Tom* a cold.

Lear. What hast thou beene?

Edg. A servingman, proud in heart and mind, that curld my haire, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistris heart, and did the act of darkness with her, swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven, one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it, wine loved I deeply, dice dearely, and in woman, put paramord the Turke, false of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand, hog in sloth,

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Fox in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse, Dog in madnesse, Lyon in prey let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustlings of sickles betray thy poore heart to women, keepe thy foote out of brothell, thy hand out of placket, thy pen from fencers booke, and d tie the foule fiend, still through the hathorne blowes the col'd wind, hay no on my Dolphin my boy, my boy, cease let him troc by.

Lear. Why thou wert better in thy grave, then to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skie; is man no more but this? consider him well, thou owest the worme no silke, the beast no hide, the sheep no wooll, the cat no perfume, he's three ones are sophisticaed, thou art the thing it selfe, unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor bar forked Animal as thou art, off, off your leading, come on be true.

Foole. Prethee Nunckle be content, this is a naughty night to swim in, now a little fire in a wildfield, were like an old lechers heart, a smal spark, and al the rest in body cold look here comes a walking fire.

Enter Gloucester.

Edg. This is the foule fiend *Sir Berdegibit*, he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cocke, he gins the web, the pinquever the eye, and makes the hart lip, mildewes the whight wheat & hurts the poor creature of earth, swithald footed thrice the old anelthunight Moor and her nine fold bid her O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Whose there? what ist you secke?

Glo. What are you there? your names.

Edg. Poor *Tom*, that eats the swimming frog, the roade, the toade, peid, the wall-wort, and the water, that in the fruit of his heart, when the foule fiend rages.

Eats Cwdung for sallets, swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog, drinks the greene mantle of the standing poole, who is whipt from tything to tything, and stock-punish and imprisoned, who hath had three sutes to his backe, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to weare.

But

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But Mice and Rats, and such small Deere,
Hath been *Toms* food for seven long yeare.
Beware my followers, peace snulbug, peace thou fiend.

Gloſt. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of darkness is a Gentleman *modo* hee's called,
and ma hu ———

Gloſt. Our flesh and bloud is grown so vilde my Lord, that it
doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold.

Gloſt. Go in with me, my duty cannot suffer to obey in al your
daughters hard commands, though their injunſtion be to barre
my doores, and let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, yet
have I venter'd to come ſeeke you our, and bring you where
both food and fire is ready.

Lear. Firſt let me talke with this Philoſopher;
What is the cauſe of thunder?

Kent. My good Lord take his offer go into the houſe.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this moſt learned *Theban*; what
is your ſtudy?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermine.

Lear. Let me aſke you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him to go; my Lord, his wits begin to un-
ſettle.

Gloſt. Canſt thou blame him?

His daughters ſeeke his death. O that good *Kent*,
He ſaid it would be thus poore baniſht man,
Thou ſaiſt the King growes mad, ile tell thee friend,
I am almoſt mad my ſelfe; I had a ſonne
Now out-tawed from my blood, he ſought my life
But ſurely, very ſure I lov'd him friend,
No father his ſonne deaver, truth to tell thee,
Th' greateſt haz'ard'd my wits.
What a night's this? I do beſeech your Grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy noble Philoſopher, your company.

Edg. *Toms* a cold.

Gloſt. In ſellowth here in so the hell, keeps thee warme.

Lear. Come let's in.

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Kent. This way my Lord.

Lear. With him I will keepe still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, sooth him, let him take the fellow.

Gloſt. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra come on go along with us.

Lear. Come good Athenian.

Gloſt. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Child Rowland, to the darke town come,
His word was still fye, fo, and fum,
I ſmell the blood of a Britiſh man.

Enter Cornwall and Baſard.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart the houſe.

Baſt. How my Lord I may be cenſured, that nature thus gives
way to loyalty, ſome-thing feares me to thinke of.

Corn. I now perceiue it was not altogether your brothers evil
diſpoſition made him ſeek his death, but a provoking merit ſet
a worke by a reproveable badneſſe in himſelfe.

Baſt. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to bee
iuſt? this is the Letter he ſpoke off, which approves him an in-
telligent partie to the advantages of France, O heavens, that his
treason were, or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutches.

Baſt. If the matter of this paper be certaine, you have mighty
buſineſſe in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earle of Glouceſter, ſeek
out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehen-
ſion.

Baſt. If I find him comforting the King, it will ſuffice his ſuſ-
pition more fully, I will perſevere in my courſe of loialty though
the conflict be ſore betweene that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt upon thee, and thou ſhalt finde a dearer
father in my love.

Exit.

Enter Glouceſter, Lear, Kent, Foole, and Tom.

Gloſt. Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankſfully, I
will peſee you the comfort with what addition I can, I will not
be.

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be long from you,

Ker. All the power of his wits have given way to impatience; the Gods deserve your kindnesse,

Edg. *Preterea* calls me, and tels me *Nero* is angler in the lake of darknesse, pray innocent beware the foule fiend.

Foole. Prethee Nuncle tell me whether a mad man may bee a Gentleman or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King, to have a thousand with red burning spits come hissing in upon them.

Edg. The foule fiend bites my backe.

Foole. Hee's mad that trust in the tameuesse of a Wolfe, a horses health, a boyes love, or a whores oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraine them straight,

Come sit thou heere most learned Iustice,

Thou sapient sir, sit here now you the Foxes —

Edg. Look where he stands and glares, wantst thou eyes at triall iudam, come ore the broome *Buffy* to me.

Foole. Her boat hath a leake, and he must not speake, Why she dares not come over to the e.

Edg. The foule fiend haunts poor *Tom* in the voyce of a nightingale Hoppedance cries in *Toms* belly for two white herring, Croke not blacke Angell I have no food for thee.

Ker. How do you sir? stand you not so amaz'd, will you lie downe and rest upon the Cushions?

Lear. He see their triall first, bring in their evidence, thou robbed man of iustice take thy place, & thou his yoke-fellow of equity, bench by his side, you are o'th commission, sit you too.

Ed. Let us deale iustly, sleepest or wakest thou lolly shepheard, Thy sheepe bee in the corne, and for one blast of thy minikin mouth, thy sheepe shall take no harme, for the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraine her first, tis *Gonerill*, I heretake my oath before this honorable assembly hee kickt the poore King her father.

Foole. Come hit her Mistresse, is your name *Gonerill*.

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Foole. Cry you mercy, I tooke you for a joynt stoole.

Lear. And heres another whose warps lookt at proclaime

What store her heart is made an; stop her there,

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**Armes, armes, sword, fire, corruption in the place,
False Iulicer, why hast thou let her scape?**

Edg. Bless thy five wits.

Ken. O pity sit where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain.

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll marre my countenancing.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Trey, Blench, and Sweet-bart, see they backe at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them, away you curs,
Be thy mouth or blacke or white, tooth that poysons if it bite,
Mastive, Gray-hound, Mungril, Grim-hound, or Spantill, Brach
or him, Bobtaile rike, or Trundle-talle, **Tom** will make them
weep and waille. For with throwing thus my head, dogs leape
the hatch, and all are fled, loud a doodle, come march to wake,
and fairs and market townes, poore **Tom** thy horne is dry.

Lear. Then let them anoint mine **Regan**, see what breeds about
her

Heart is there any cause in nature that makes this hardnesse;
You sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred,
Onely I do not like the fashion of your garment; you'll say
They are Persian attire, but let them be changed.

Ken. Now good my Lord lie here a while.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the Curtaines, so,
so, so, we'll go to supper in the morning, so, so, so.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. Come hither friend, where is the King my master?

Ken. Here sir but trouble him not his wife are gone.

Glouc. Good friend, I pray thee take him in thy armes,
I have oreheard a plot of death upon him,
There is a Letter ready, lay him in it, and drive towards **Dover**,
friend

Where thou shalt meet both welcome and protection; take up
thy master,

If thou wouldst daily halfe an houre, his life with thine,
And all that offer to defend him, stand in assured loss.

Take

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Take up to keepe, and follow me that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

King. Opprest nature sleeps,
This rest might yet have balmed thy broken sinewes,
Which if convenience will not allow, stand in hard cure,
Come help to beare thy Master, thou must not stay behind.

Gloster. Come, come, away.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely thinke our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, most i'th mind,
Leaving free things and happy shewes behind,
But then the mind much sufferance doth ore-skip,
When griefe hath mates, and bearing fellow ship:
How light and portable my paine seemes now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow;
He childed as I fathered, *Tom* away,
Marke the high noiser, and then thy selfe bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts deafe thee,
In the just proofe repeals and reconciles thee,
What will hap more to night, safe scape the King,
Lurke, lurke.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonorill, and Bastard.

Corn. Post speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this
Letter,

The army of *France* is landed, seeke out the villaine *Gloster*.

Regan. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure, *Edmund* keepe you our sister company. The reveng we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding, advise the Duke where you are going to a most festinant preparation, wee are bound to the like.

Our post shall be swift and intelligence betwixt us;
Farewell deare sister; farewell my Lord of *Gloster*.

Now now, where's the King?

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Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lord of Gloucester hath conveyed him hence,
Some five or six and thirty of his Knights his questrits after
him, met him at gate, who with some other of the Lords depen-
dants are gone with him towards *Dover*, where they boast to
have well armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gen. Farwell sweet Lord and father.

Exit Gen. and Bast.

Corn. Edmund farwell: go seeke the traitor Gloucester,
Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before us,
Though we may not passe upon his life
Without the forme of justice, yet our power
Shall do a curtesie to our wrath, which men may blame
But not controle; who's there, the traitor?

Enter Gloucester, brought in by two or three.

Reg. Ingratefull Fox tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky armes.

Gloft. What meanes your Graces, good my friends consider,
You are my guests, do me no foule play friends.

Corn. Bind him I say.

Reg. Hard, hard, O filthy traitor!

Gloft. Vnmercifull Lady as you are, I am true.

Corn. To the chaire bind him villaine thou shalt find

Gloft. By the kind Gods tis most ignobly done, to plucke me
by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a Traitor,

Gloft. Naughty Lady, these haire which thou dost rauish fro
Will quicken and accuse thee, I am your host:

With robbers hands, my hospitable fauours

You should not ruffell thus, what will you do?

Corn. Come sir, what letters had you late from *France*?

Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors lately
footed in the kingdome?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunaticke king *Speak*?

Gloft.

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Gloſt. I have a letter gueſſingly ſet downe,
Which came from one that's of a neutrall heart,
And not from one oppoſed.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And falſe.

Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King?

Gloſt. To *Dover*.

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover*? waſt thou charg'd at perill —

Corn. Wherefore to *Dover*? let him firſt answer that.

Gloſt. I am tide not 'n ſtate, and I muſt ſtand the courſe.

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover* ſir?

Gloſt. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruell nayles

Plucke out his poore old eyes, nor thy ſierce ſiſter

In his ſurynted ſlaſh raſh borith phangs,

The ſea with ſuch a ſtorme of his lov'd head

In hell black night endur'd, would have laid up.

And quench the ſteeled fire, yet poore old heart,

He holpt the heavens to rage,

If Wolves had at thy gate heard that dearne time,

Thou ſhouldeſt have ſaid, good Porter turne the key,

All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd, but I ſhall ſee

The winged vengeance overtake ſuch children.

Corn. See't ſhalt thou never, fellowes hold the chaire,

Vpon thoſe eies of thine, Ile ſet my foot.

Gloſt. He that will thinke to live till he ſie old —

Give me ſome helpe, o cruell, o ye Gods!

Reg. One ſide will mocke another, tother to.

Corn. If you ſee vengeance —

Servant. Hold your hand my Lord,

I have ſerv'd you ever ſince I was a child.

(hold)

But better ſervice have I never done you, then now to bid you

Reg. How now you dog.

Ser. If you did weare a beard upon your chin, I'd ſhake it on
this quarrell, what do you meane?

Corn. My villaine.

Draw and fight.

Ser. Why then come one, and take the charge of anger.

Reg. Give me thy ſwords, a poſant ſtand up thus.

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She takes a sword, and runs at him behind.

Servant. Oh I am flaine my Lord, yet have you one eye left to see some mischief on him, oh!

Corn. Least it see more, prevent it, out vilde Ielly,
Where is thy luster now?

Glo. All darke and comfortless, wheres my sonne *Edmund*?
Edmund unbridle all the sparkes of nature, to quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out villaine, thou calst on him that hates thee, it was he that made the overture of thy treason to us, who is too good to pittie thee.

Glo. O my follies, then *Edgar* was abused,
Kind Goods forgive me that and prosper him.

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates and let him smell his way to Dover, how ist my Lord? how looke you?

Corn. I have received a hurt, follow me Lady,
Turne out that eyelisse villaine, this ow this flave upon
The dunghill, *Regan* I bleed apace, untimely
Comes this hurt, give me your arme.

Servant. Ile never care what wickednesse I do,
If this man come to good.

2 Servant. If she live long and in the end meet the old course
of death women will all turne monsters.

1 Ser. Let's follow the old Earle, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would, his rogh madnesse
Allowes it selfe to any thing.

2 Ser. Go thou, ile fetch some flax and whittes of egger to
apply to his bleeding face, now heaven helpe him.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contain'd,
Then still contain'd and flattered to be woe,
Theloweest and most delected thing of Fortune
Stands still in experience, lives not in feare,
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returns to laughter.

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Who's here, my father poorly led, world, world, & world !
But that thy strange mutations makes us hate thee,
Life would not yeeld to age.

Enter Gloucester led by an old man.

Old man. O my good Lord, I have been your tenant, and your
fathers tenant this fourescore —

Gloft. Away, get thee away, good friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old man. Alacke sir you cannot see your way.

Gloft. I have no way and therefore want no eyes,
I stumbled when I saw, full oft tis seene
Our meanes secure us, and our meere defects
Prove our commodities ; ah deare sonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abused fathers wrath,
Might I but live to see thee in my tuch,
Ide say I had eyes againe.

Old man. How now, who's there ;

Edg. O Gods who ist can say I am at the worst,
I am worse then ere I was.

Old man. Tis poore mad *Tom*.

Edg. And worse I may be yet, the worst is not,
As long as we can say this is the worst.

Old man. Fellow where goest ?

Gloft. Is it a begger man ?

Old man. Mad man and begger too.

Gloft. He has some reason, else he could not beg,
In the last nights storme I such a fellow saw,
Which made me thinke a man a worme, my sonne
Came then into my mind, and yes my mind
Was then scarce friends with him, I have heard more since,
As flies are to th wanton boyes are we to th Gods,
They bit us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be ? bad is the trade that must play the
foole to sorrow, angring it selfe and others ; blesse thee master.

Gloft. Is that the naked fellow ?

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Old man. I my Lord.

Glo. Then prethee get thee gone, if for my sake
Thou wilt ore-take us here a mile or twaine
Ith' way to Dover, do it for ancient love,
And bring some covering for this naked soule,
Who ile entreate to leade me.

Old man. Alacke sir he is mad.

Glo. Tis the times plague, when madmen leade the blinde,
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure,

Old man. Ile bring him the best parrell that I have,
Come on't what will.

Glo. Sirra, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore *Tomas* a cold, I cannot dance it farther.

Glo. Come hither fellow.

Edg. Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Knowst thou the way to *Dover*?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path,
Poore *Tom* hath bene scard out of his good wits,
Blesse the good man from the foule fiend,
Five fiends have bene in poore *Tom* at once,
Of lust, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence* Prince of dumbnesse,
Mahn of stealing, *Modo* of murther, *Siiber digebit* of *Mobing*,
And *Mobing* who since possessees chambermaids
And waiting women, so, blesse thee master.

Glo. Heare take this purse, thou whomd the heavens plagues
Have humbled to all strokes, that I am wretched, makes thee
The happier, heavens deale so still,
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man
That stands your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feele, feele your powre quickly,
So distribution should under excessse,
And each man have enough: dost thou know *Dover*?

Edg. I master.

Glo. There is a cliffe, whose high and bending heade
Lookes firmly in the confined deepe,
Bring me but to the very brim of it,

And

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And ile repaire the misery thou dost beare,
With somthing rich about me,
From that place shall I no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arme poore Tom shall lead thee.

Enter Gonorill and Bastard.

Gon. Welcome my Lord, I marvaile our milde husband
Not met us on the way : now where's your Master ?

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madam within, but never man so chang'd ; I told him
of the army that was landed, he smiled at it, I told him you were
coming, his answer was, the worse, of *Glosters* treachery and of
the loyall service of his son, when I informed him then he cald
me sot, and told me I had turned the wrong side out, what hee
should most desire, seems pleasant to him, what like offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish curre of his spirit
That dares not undertake, heel not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an answer, our wishes on the way
May prove effects, backe *Edmund* to my brother,
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers,
I must change armes at home and give the distaffe
Into my husbands hands ; this trusty servant
Shall passe betwene us, ere long you are like to heare
If you dare venter in your own behalfe
A mistresses coward, weare this spare speech,
Decline your head : this kisse if it durst speake,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the aire ;
Cor ceive and faryewell.

Bast. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most deare *Gloster*, to the womans services are due,
My foot usurpes my head.

Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord,

Exit Steward.

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Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Enter the Duke of Albany.

Alb. O *Gonorill*, you are not worth the dust which the wind
Blowes in your face I feare your disposition,
That nature which contemnes its origin,
Cannot be bordered certalne in it selfe,
She that her selfe will sliver and disbranch
From her materiall sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more, the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisedome and goodnesse to the vilde seeme vilde,
Filths savour but themselves, what have you done?
Tygers not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugd Beare would like;
Most barbarous, most degenerate have you madded;
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man a Prince, by him so benefitted,
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly downe to tame the vilde offences, it will come
Humanly must perforce prey on it selfe, like monsters of the
deepe.

Gon. Milke liver'd map,
That bearest a cheek for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eye deserving thine honour,
From thy suffering, that not know'st it foole, do these villains pity
Who are punisht ere they have done their mischief,
Where's the drum? *France* spreads his banners in our noiselesse
Land, with a plumed helme thy sister begins threats,
Whiles thou a mortall foole, sits still and cries
Alack, why does he so?

Alb. See thy selfe divell, proper deformity seemes not in the
fend, so horrid as in women.

Gon. O vaine foole.

Alb. Thou chang'd and selfe-coverd thing for shame
Be-monster not thy feature, wer't my sinnesse

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To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and teare
Thy flesh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend,
A womans shape doth shield thee.

Gen. Marry your man-hood now ———

Enter a Gentleman.

Alb. What newes?

Gen. O my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwall's* dead slaine by
his servant, going to put out the other eie of *Glocester*,

Alb. *Glocesters* eyes?

Gen. A servant that he bred thrald with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master, who there at enraged,
Flew on him, and amongst them feld him dead,
But not with out that harmfull stroke,
Which since hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This shewes you are above your Iustices,
That these our neather crimes so speedily can venge,
But oh poore *Glocester*, lost he his other eye?

Gen. Both, both my Lord this letter Madam craves a speedy
Answer tis from your sister.

Gen. One way I like this well,
But being widow, and my *Glocester* with her,
May all the building on my fancy plucke,
Upon my hatefull life, another way the newes is not so tooke,
Ile read and answer. *Exit.*

Alb. Where was his sonne when they did take his eies?

Gen. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Gen. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse?

Gen. I my good Lord, twas he inform'd against him,
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. *Glocester*, I live to thanke thee for the love
Thou shew'dst the King, and to revenge thy eyes;

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Come hither friend, tell me what more thou knowest.

Exit.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone backe,
Know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state which since his
comming forth is thought of, which imports to the Kingdom,
so much fear and danger that his personal return was most re-
quired and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him, General?

Gent. The Marshall of France, Mounſieur la Faur.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queene to any demonstration
of griefe?

Gent. I say she tooke them, read them in my presence,
And now and then an ample teare trild downe
Her delicate cheek, it seemd she was a Queene ore her passion,
Who most rebell-like, sought to be King ore her.

Kent. O then it moved her.

Gent. Not to rage, patience and sorrow streame,
Who should expresse her goodliest, you have scene
Sun-shine and raine at once, her smiles and teares,
Were like a better way, those happy smilets
That plaid on her ripe lip, seeme not to know
What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence
As pearles from Diamonds dropt; in briefe,
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verball question?

Gent. Faith once or twice she heav'd the name of father
Pantingly forth, as if it prest her heart,
Cried sisters, sisters, shame of Ladies sisters;

Kent. Father, sisters, what ith storme ith night?
Let pittie not be beleev'd, there she shooke
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moistened her, then away she started
To deale with griefe alone.

Kent. It is the stars, the stars above us govern our conditions,

Else

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Else one selfe mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues; you spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King returnd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well sir, the poore distressed *Lear*'s ith Towpe,
Who sometime in his better tune remembers
What we are come about, and by no meanes wil yeeld to see his
daughter.

Gent. Why good sir?

Kent. A foueraigne shame so elbowes him, his owne unkindnes
That stript her from his benediction, turnd her
To forraigne casualties, gave her deare rights
To his dog-hearted daughters; these things sting his minde
So venomously, that burning shame detaines him from *Cordelia*.

Gent. Alack poore Gentleman.

Kent. Of *Albanies* and *Cornwall*s powers you hard not?

Gent. Tis so they are afoot.

Kent. Well sir, ile bring you to our master *Lear*,
And leave you to attend him, some deare cause
Will in concealement wrap me up a while,
When I am knowne aright you shall not grieve,
Lending me this acquaintance, I pray you go along with me.

Exit,

Enter Cordelia, Doctor, and others.

Cor. Alack tis he, why he was met even now,
As mad as the vent sea, singing aloud,
Crowd with rank femiter and furrow weed,
With hor-docks, hmelocke, nettles, cockow-flowers,
Darnell and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining, Come, a century is set forth,
Search every acre in the high growne field,
And bring him to our eye, what can mans wisdom do
In the restoring his bereaved sence? he that can helpe him
Take all my outward worth.

Doct. There is meanes Madame,
Our foster nurse of nature is repose,

The

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The which he lackes, that to provoke in him
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cord. All blest secrets, all you unpublisht vertues of the earth,
Spring with my tears, be aidant and remediat
In the good mans distresse, seeke, seeke for him,
Least his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life,
That wants the meanes to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. Newes Madam, the British powers are marching hitherward.

Cord. Tis knowne before our preparation stands
In expectation of them, ô deare Father,
It is thy businesse that I goe about therefore great *Frank*,
My mourning and important teares hath pited,
No blowne ambition doth our armes insite,
But love, deare love, and our aged fathers right,
Soone may I heare and see him.

Exit.

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brothers powers set forth?

Stew. I Madam.

Reg. Himselfe in person?

Stew. Madam with much ado, your sister's the better Soldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* spake not with your Lady at home?

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my sisters letter to him?

Stew. I know not Lady.

Reg. Faith he is posted hence on a serious matter,
It was great ignorance, *Gloesters* eyes being out,
To let him live where he arrivas he moves
All hearts against us, and now I thinke is gone,
In pity of his misery to dispatch his nighted life,
Moreover to descrie the strength of the Army.

Stew. I must needs after him with my Letters.

Reg. Our troope sets forth to morrow, stay with us,

The

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The wayes are dangerous.

Stew. I may not Madam, my Lady charg'd my duties in this businesse.

Reg. Why should she wrigate to *Edmund*? Might not you Transport her purposes by word, belike
Something, I know not what, she love thee much,
Let me unseale the Letter.

Stew. Madam I'de rather ———

Reg. I know your Lady does not love her husband,
I am sure of that : and at her late being here
She gave strange aliads, and most speaking lookes
To Noble *Edmund*, I know you are of her besome,

Stew. I Madam.

Reg. I speake in understanding, for I know't,
Therefore I advise you take this note :
My Lord is dead, *Edmund* and I have talkt,
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Then for your Ladies : you may gather more,
If you do find him, pray you give him this,
And when your mistris heares thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisdom to her, so farewell,
It you do chance to heare of that blind traitor,
Preferment fals on him that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet him Madam, I should shew
What Lady I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

Exit.

Enter Gloster and Edmund.

Gloft. When shall we come to'th top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climbe it up now, looke how we labor?

Gloft. Me thinkes the ground is even.

Edg. Horr ible steape : hearken, do you heare the sea?

Gloft. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes anguish,

Gloft. So may it be indeed,
Me thinkes thy voice is altered, and thou speakest

With

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With better phrase and matter then thou didst.

Edg. Y^e are much deceived, in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Gloſt. Me thinks y^e are better spok-n.

Edg. Com: on ſir, here's the place, ſtand ſtill, how fearfull
And dizey tis to caſt ones eyes ſo low :

The Crows and Choughes that wing the midway ayer

Shew ſcarce ſo groſſe beetles halfe way down:

Hangs one that gathers Samphier, dreadfull trade,

Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head :

The fiſh-men that walke up on the beake

Appeare like Mice and yond tall Anchoring bearks

Diminiſht to her cocke; her cock above

Almoſt to ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,

That on the unnumbred idle pebbles chaſe,

Cannot be heard it is ſo : hee hee looke no more

Leaſt my braine turne, and the deficient ſight

Topple downe headlong.

Gloſt. Set me where you ſtand.

Edg. Give me your hand : you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge ; for all beneath the Moone
Would I not leape up right.

Gloſt. Let go my hand :

Heere friend's another purſe in it a Jewell

Well worth a poore man's taking. Fairies and Gods

I proſper it with thee : go thou farther off,

Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well good ſir.

Gloſt. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I doe triſte thus with his deſpair, tis done to cure it.

Gloſt. O you mighty Gods,

Hee kneels

This world I do renounce, and in your ſights

Shal't patiently my great affliction off,

If I could beare it longer and not fall

To quell with your great oppoſeſſe wils,

My ſnuſſe and loathed part of nature ſhould

burne it ſelfe out; if *Edg.* live, O bleſſe,

Now

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Now fellow fare thee wel.

He falls

Edg. Gon sir, farewell, and yet I know not how conceite may rob the treasury of life, when life it selfe yeelds to the theft: had he bene where he thought, by his thought had been past; A live or dead? Ho you sir, heare you sir, speake, thus might hee passe indeed, yet he revive, what are you sir?

Gloſt. Away and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been ought but goshore feathers ayre
So many sadome downe precipitating,
Thou hadst shiverd like an Egge, but thou dost breath,
Hast heavy substance, bleedst not, speakest art sound:
Ten Masses at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,
Thy life a miracle, speake yet againe.

Gloſt. But have I fallen or no?

Edg. From the dead summons of this chalkie borne,
Looke up a hight; the shrill gorg'd Larke so farre
Cannot be scene or heard, do but looke up.

Gloſt. Alacke I have no eyes:

Is wretchednesse depriv'd that benefite
To end it selfe by death? Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the Tyrants rage,
And frustrate his proud will,

Edgar. Give me your arme:

Up, so, how feeble you your legges you stand.

Gloſt. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangenesse:

Upon the crowne of the cliffe, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Gloſt. A poore unfortunate begger.

Edg. As I stood heere below, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moones; a had a thousand noses,
Hornes, welkt and waved like the enridged sea.
It was some fiend, therefore thou happy Father
Thinke that the clearest Gods, who made their honours
Of mens impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Gloſt. I do remember now, henceforth Ile heare.

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Affliction till it do crie out it selfe
Enough, enough, and die: that thing you speake of
I tooke it for a man: often would he say
The fiend, the fiend he led me to that place.

Edg. Bare, free, and patient thoughts: but who comes heere,
The sifer sense will nere accommodate his matter thus.

Enter Lear mad.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coyning, I am the King
himselfe.

Edg. O thou side pearcing sight.

Lear. Nature is above Art in that respect, ther's your prefe-
mony. That fellow handles his bow like a Crow-keeper, draw
me a clo:hiere yard. Look, looke, a Mouse; peace, peace, this
tosted cheefe will do it. Ther's my gantlet, Ile prove it on a Gy-
ant, bring up the browne bills. O well flowne birde in the ayre,
Hagh, give the word.

Edg. Sweet Margerum.

Lear. Pass.

Gloſt. I know that voyce.

Lear. Ha *Gonorill*, ha *Regan*, they flattered me like a dogge, and
told me I had white haire in my beard, ere the black ones were
there to say I and no to all I said: I and no too was no good
Divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to
make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bid-
ding, there I found them, there I smelt them out: goe too, they
are not men of their words, they told me I was every thing, tis
a lye, I am not argue-prooffe.

Gloſt. The trickes of that voyce I doe well remember, ist not
the King?

Lear. I, every inch a King: when I do see how the subject
quakes: I pardon that mans life, what was thy cause, Adultery?
thou shalt not die for adultery: no, the wren goes soot, and the
small goulded flye do letcher in my sight; let copulation thrive
for *Glosters* bastard son was kinder to his father then my daugh-
ters got twene the lawfull sheets, soot Luxury, pell mell, for I
want souldiers. Behold yon snarling damme, whose face between
her

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her forkes prelageth snow, that minces vertue, and do shake the head, heare of pleasures name to sicke, nor the soyled Horse goes toot with a more riotus appetite : downe from the waste they are Centaures, though women all above, but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends, theres Hell, theres darknesse, theres the sulphery pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption, fie, fie fie, pah, pah : Give mee an ounce of Civet, good Apothecary, to sweeten my imagination, ther's mony for these.

Gloſt. O let me kiſſe that hand.

Lear. Here wipe it firſt, it ſmells of mortality.

Gloſt. O ruin'd piece of nature, this great world ſhould ſo weare out to naught, do you know me ?

Lear. I remember thy eyes well enough, doſt thou ſquint on me : no, do thy worſt blind Cupid, Ile not love : Read thou that challenge, marks the penning on't.

Gloſt. Were all the letters ſuns I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report, it is, & my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Reade.

Gloſt. What, with the caſe of eyes.

Lear. O ho, are you there with me ? No eies in your head nor money in your purſe ? your eyes are in a heavy caſe, y our purſe in a light ; yet you ſee how this world goes ?

Gloſt. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What art mad ? A man may ſee how the world goes with no eyes. Looke with thy eares, ſee how yon Juſtice railles upon yon ſimple theefe : heeke in thy eare handy dandy, which is the theefe, which is the Juſtice. Thou haſt ſeen a farmers dog baye at a beggar.

Gloſt. I ſee.

Lear. And the creatur run from the cur ? There thou mightſt behold the great image of Authority, a dogge, ſo bad in office. Thou Raſcal Beadle hold thy bloody hand ; why doſt thou laſh that whore ? ſtrip thine owne backe, thy blood hotly luſts to uſe her in that kind for which thou whipt her. The viceroy hangs the coozen, through tattered rogges ſmall wices doe appeare Robes

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and furd-gownes hid sell. Get thee glaife eyes, and like a scurvy politician, seeme to see the things thou dost not; No, now pull off my boots, harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter and impertinency, mixt reason in madnesse.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my fortune, take my eyes; I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloucester, thou must be patient, we came crying hither: thou knowit the first time that we smel the aire, we waile and cry. I will preach to thee, marke me.

Glo. Alacke, alacke, the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we crie that we are come to this great stage of foolery: this a good block. It were a delicate stratagem to shoot a troop of horse with fell, and when I have stole upon these scennes in law, then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter three Gentlemen.

Gent. O here he is lay hands upon him sirs.

Lear. No rescue, what a prisoner! I am eene the natural foole of Fortune: use me well, you shall have a ransom. Let me have a Chirurgeon, I am cut to'th braines.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds all my selfe. why this would make a man of salt to use his eyes for garding water-pottes, I and lay'ng Auntes dust.

Gent. Good Sir.

Lear. I will dye bravely like a Bridegroom. What I will bee joviall: Come, come, I am a King my masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a roiall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then thees life int, nay if you get it you shall get it with runing.

Exit King running.

Gent. A sight most pittifull in the meanest wretch, past speaking of in a king: thou hast one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curse which twaine hath brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle sir.

Gent. Sir speed you, what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought of a battell toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar, every ones heares That can distinguish sence.

Edg. But by your favour how neares the other army?

Gent.

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Gent. Neere and on speed for't, the maine discrites,
Stand on the hourelly thoughts.

Edg. I thank you fir thats all.

Gent. Though that the Queene on speciall cause is heere,
His army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thanke you fir.

Exit.

Gloſt. You ever gentle gods take my breath from me,
Let not my worser spirit tempt me againe,
To die before you please.

Edg. Well pray you father.

Gloſt. Now good fir what are you.

Edg. A most poore man, made lame by fortunes blowes,
Who by the Art of knowne and feeling sorrowes
Am pregant to good pittie. Give me your hand,
Ile leade you to some biding.

Gloſt. Hearty thanks, the bounty and the benizon of heaven
to boot, to boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclamd prize, most happy, that cyles head of thine
was first framed flesh to raise my fortunes. Thou most unhappy
Traitor, briefly thy selfe remember, the sword is out that must
destroy thee.

Gloſt. Now let thy friendly hand put strength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore bold perant darst thou support a publisht
traytor, hence, least the infection of his fortune take like hold on
thee, let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go fir without cagion.

Stew. Let go slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good Gentleman go your gate, let poore volke passe:
and chud have been swaggard out of my life, it would not have
been so long by a vortnight: nay come not neere the old man,
keepe out chevore ye or ile try whether your costard or my bat
be the harder, chill be plaine wish you.

Stew. Out dunghill.

They fight.

Edg. Chill pick your teeth sir, come no matter for your soines.

Stew.

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Stew. Slave thou hast slain me, Villaine take my purse:
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the Letters which thou findest about me
To *Edmund* Earle of Gloster, seek him out, upon
The Britiſh party: ô untimely death! death.

He dies.

Edg. I know thee well, a ſerviceable villaine,
As dutious to the vices of thy Miſtris,
As badneſſe would deſire.

Gloſt. What is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe father, reſt you, lets ſee his pocket,
Theſe Letters that he ſpeaks of may be my friends,
Hee's dead, I am onely ſorry he had no other deathſman.
Let us ſee, leave gentle woe, and manners blame us not,
To know our enemies minds wee'd rip their hearts,
Their papers is more lawfull.

A Letter.

*Let your reciprocal vowes be remembered,
You have many opportunities to cut him off.
If we will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered.
There is nothing done; If he returne the Conqueror,
Then am I the priſoner, and his bed my Lye,
From the loath'd warmth whereof deliver me,
And ſupply the place for your labour.*

*Your wife (ſo I would ſay) & your affectionate ſervant,
Gonoril.*

Edg. O undiſtinguiſht ſpace of womans wit,
A plot upon her vertuous husbands life,
And the exchange my brother: here in the ſands
Thee liſt rake up, the poſt unſanctified
Of murderours lechers, and in the mature time
With this ungracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death preſcrib'd Duke, for him tis well,
That of his death and buſineſſe I can tell.

Gloſt. The King is mad, how ſtiſſe is my vild ſenſe,
That I ſtand up, and have ingratious feeling

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Of my huge sorrow, better I were distract,
So should my thoughts be fenced from my grief,
And woes by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

A Drums starts off.

Edg. Give me your hand
Farre off me thinks I heare the beaten drum,
Come Father, Ile bestow you with a friend.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Doctor.

Cor. O thou good Kent,
How shall I live and worke to match thy goodnesse,
My life will be too short, and every measure faile me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-paid,
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor lesse, but so.

Cor. Be better suited,
These weeds are memories of those worse houres,
I prethee put them off.

Kent. Pardon me deare Madam,
Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,
My boone: I make it that you know me not,
Till time and I thinke meet.

Cor. Then be it so my Lord how does the King.

Doff. Madam sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind Gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature,
The untun'd hurrying senses, O winds, up,
Of this childe-changed Father.

Doff. So please your majesty, we may wake the King
He hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge and proceede
I' th sway of your owne will: is he array'd?

Doff. I Madam, in the heavynesse of his sleep,
We پوشه garments on him.

Cor. Good Madam be by when we awake him,
I doubt not of his recompense.

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Cor. Very well.

Doz. Please you draw neerer: louder the mumble there.

Cor. O my deere father,

Restoration hang thy medicine on my lippes,

And let this kisse repaire those violent harmes

That my two sisters have in thy reverence made.

Kent. Kind and deare princeesse.

Cor. Had you not bin their father, these white flakes

Had challeng'd pittie of them. was this a face

To be expoid against the warring winds,

To stand against the deep dread boyled chunder,

In the most terrible and nimble stroke

Of quicke croule lightning, to watch poor Per

With this thin helme? Mine injurious dogges,

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night

Against my fire, and wast thou faine? (poore father)

To hovill thee with swine and rogues forlorne,

In short and musty straw? Alack, alack,

Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once,

Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Doz. Madam do you, tis he.

Cor. How does my royal Father? how fares your maiesty?

Lear. you do me wrong to take me out a thgrave,

Thou art a soule in blisse, but I am bound

Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares

Do scald like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, know ye this?

Lear. Y'are a spirit I know, when did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, farre wide.

Doz. He's scarce awake, let him alone a while.

Lear. Where have I bin? where am I? faire day light!

I am mightily abash'd; I should ere dye with pity

To see another thus. I know not what to say

I wll not sweare these are my hands; see's see,

I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd of my con-

Cor. O looke u pon me sir,

(dition,

And hold your hands in benediction ore me,

No

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No fir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me:

I am a very foolish fond old man,

Fourscoure and upward, and to deal plainly,

I fear I am not perfect in my mind.

Me thinks I should know you, and know this man;

Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant

What place this is, and all the skill I have

Remembers not these garments: nor I know not

Where I did lodg last night. Do not laugh at me,

For (as I am a man) I think this Lady

To be my child *Cordelia*.

Coe. And so I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet: Yea, weep: I pray weep not,

If you have payson for me I will drink it:

I know you do not love me, for your sisters

Have (as I do remember) done me wrong.

You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doff. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage you see is cured in him, and yet it is danger to make him even ore the time he has lost; desire him to go in, trouble him no more till further setting.

Cor. Wilt please your Highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with m.:

Pray now forget and forgive,

I am old and foolish.

Exeunt.

Manet Kent and Gentlemen.

Gent. Holds it true sir that the Duke of *Cornwall* was so slain?

Kent. Most certain sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As tis said, the bastard son of *Gloster*.

Gent. They say *Edgar* his banisht son, is with the Earle of

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Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable, tis time to look about;
The powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrament is like to be bloody, fare you well Sir.

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this daies battels fought.

Enter Edmund, Regan, and their powers.

Bast. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by ought
To change the course, he is full of alteration
And self-reproving, bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our sisters man is certainly miscarried.

Bast. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg. Now sweet Lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you;
Tell me truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Bast. I honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brothers way
To the forefended place?

Bast. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Bast. No by mine honour Madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her,
Dear my Lord be not familiar with her.

Bast. Fear me not, she and the Duke her husband.

Enter Albany, and Gonoril with Troops.

Gon. I had rather loof the battel
Then that sister should coin him, and me.

Alb. Our very loving sister well be met,
For this I hear the King is come to his daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out, Where I could not be honest
I never yet was valiant; for this business

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It toucheth us, as France invades our land
Not holds the King, with others whom I feare,
Most iust and heavy causes make oppose.

Bast. Sir you speake nobly.

Regan. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together gainst the enemy,
For these domestick door particulars,
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the Ancient of ware on our proceedings.

Bast. I shall attend you presently at your Tent.

Reg. Sister youle go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. Tis most convenient, pray you goe with us.

Gon. O ho, I know the Riddle, I will go. *Exit.*

Enter Edgare.

Edg. If ere your grace did speech with one so poore,
Here me one word,

Alb. He over take you speake.

Edg. Before you fight the battell, ope this Letter,
If you have victory let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it, wretched thoughts I seeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry.
Your businesse of the world hath so an end,
Fortune love you.

Alb. Stay till I have red the letter,

Edg. I was for bid it,
When time shall serve let but the Herald cry,
And He appeare againe. *Exit*

Alb. Why fare thee well, I will look ore the paper.

Enter Edmond.

Bast. The enemys in view, draw up your powers,
Hard is the guesse of their great strength and forces
By diligent discovery, but your hast is now urged on you

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Alb. We will great the time.

Bas. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the sinners of the Addery,
Which of them shall I take, both one?
Or neither; neither can be enjoy'd
If both remain alive: to take the Widdow
Exasperates, makes mad her filer *Cordelia*,
And hardly shall I carry out my side
Her husband being alive. Now then we'll use
His countenance for the battel, which being done
Let her that would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off: as for his mercie
Which he extends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The battel done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Exit

Alarum. Enter the powers of France over the stage; *Cordelia*
with her Father in her hand.

Enter Edgar and Gloster.

Edg. Here Father, take the shadow of this bush
For your good host? pray that the right may thrive,
If ever I return to you again,
He bring you comfort.

Exit.

Glo. Grace go with you sir.

Alarum and retreat.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Away old man, give me thy hand, away,
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his daughter gone:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No father sir, a man may rot even here.

Edg. What in ill thoughts agen? Men must endure,
Thir going hence, even as their coming hither,
Ripeness is all come on.

Exit.

Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia prisoners.

Best. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures best be known

That

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That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,

Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst :

For the oppress'd King I am cast downe,

My selfe could else out-frowne false fortunes frowne.

Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters

Lear. No, no, come let's away to prison,

We two alone will sing like birds i'th cage :

When thou dost aske me blessing, Ile kuele downe

And aske of thee forgivenessse : so weel live,

And pray and tell old tales, and laugh

At gilded Butterflies, and heare poore Ronges

Talke of Court newes, and weel talke with them too,

Who looses, and who wins ; whose in ; whose out ;

And take upon's the mystery of things,

As if we were Gods spies ; and weel weare out

In a walld prison, packes and sects of great ones,

That ebbe and flow by the Moone.

Bas. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon such sacrifices my *Cordelia*

The gods themselves throw incence : Have I caught thee ?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,

And fire us hence like Foxes wipethine eyes,

The good shall devoure 'em flesh and fell ;

Ere they shall make us weape ? weele see 'em starve first. *Exit.*

Bas. Come hither captaine harke,

Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,

One step I have advancst thee, if thou dost as this instructs thee,

Thou dost make thy way to Noble fortunes :

Know thou this, that men are as the time is ;

To be tender minded, does not become a sword,

Thy great employment will not beare question,

Either say thou do't, or thrive by other means.

Cap. Ile doot my Lord.

Bas. About it, and write happy when thou hast done,

Marke I say instantly, and carry it so

As I have set it downe.

Cap.

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Cap. I cannot draw a Cart nor yet sate dried onions,
If it be mans worke, I'll doo't.

Enter the Duke, the two Ladies, and others.

Alb. Sir you have showne to day your valiant frame,
And Fortune led you well: you have the Captives
That were the opposites of this daies strife:
We do require then of you to use them,
As we shall finde their merits, and our safety
May equally determine.

Bas. Sir I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King
To some retention, and appointed guard,
Whose age has charmes in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common blossomes of his side,
And turne our impress Launces in our eyes
Which doe command them: What him I sent the Queene:
My reason all the same, and they are ready to morrow,
Or at a further space, to appear where you shall hold
Your Session at this time: we sweete and bleed,
The friend hath lost his friend, and the best quarrels
In the heate are curst by those that feelee their sharpenesse.
The question of *Cordelia* and her father
Requiers a fitter place.

Alb. Sit by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this warre, not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Me thinkes our pleasure should have beene demanded
Ere you had spoke to farre: He led our power,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediate may well stand up,
And call it selfe your brother.

Gon. Not so hot: in his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your advancement.

Reg. In my sight by me invested, he compares the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. I lesters do oft prove Prophets.

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Gon. Holo, holo, that eye that told you so, lookt but a squint.

Reg. Lady I am not well, else I should answer
From a full flowing stomacke. Gennerall,
Take thou my soulders prisoners, patrimony,
Witnesse the world, that I create thee here
my Lord and master.

Gon. Meane you to enjoy him then?

Alb. The let alone lies i't in your good will.

Bast. Nor in thine Lord.

Ald. Halfe blooded fellow, yes.

Bast. Let the drum strike, and prove my title good.

Alb. Stay yet heare reason: *Edmond*, I arrest thee
On capitall treason; and in thine attaint,
This gilded Serpent: for your claime faire sister,
I bare it in the intrest of my wife,
Tis she is subcontracted to her Lord,
And I her husband contradict the banes.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My Lady is bespoken. Thou art arm'd Gloster,
If none appear to prove upon thy head,
Thy hainous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pldege, He prove it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I have heare proclam'd thee.

Reg. Sicke, o' sicke.

Gon. If not, He nere trust poyson.

Bast. Ther's my exchange, what in the world he is,
That names me traitor, villaine-like he lies,
Call by thy Trunipet, he that dares approach
On him on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmly.

Alb. A Herald ho,

Bast. A herald ho, a herald.

Alb. Trust to thy single vertue, for thy souldiers
All levied in my name, have in my name tooke their discharge.

Reg. This sicknesse growes upon me.

Alb. She is not well convey her to my tent,

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Come hither Herald let the trumpet sound, and read out this.
Cap. Sound Trumpet.

Her. If any man of quality or degree, in the hoast of the Army, will maintaine upon *Edmund*, suppsed Earle of Gloucester, that he's a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence.

Bas. Sound, *Againe,*

Enter Edgar as the third sound, with a trumpet before him.

Alb. Aske him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o'th trumpet?

Her. What are you? your name and quality?
And why you answer this present summons?

Edg. O know my name is lost by Treasons tooth:
Bare-gnawe and canker-bit,

Where is the adversary I come to cope with all?

Alb. What is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for *Edmund* Earle of Gloucester?

Bas. Himselfe, what sayst thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,

That if my speech offend a noble heart, thine arme,

May do the justice, here is mine:

Behold it is the priviledge of my tougne,

My oath and profession. I protest,

Maugre thy strength, youth, place and eminence,

Despight the victor, sword, and fier new fortun'd,

Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a traitor:

False to the gods, thy brother and thy father,

Conspicuate gainst this high illustrious prince,

And from th'extremest upward of thy head,

To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,

A most toad-spotted traitor: say thou no,

This sword, this arme, and my best spirits,

Is bent to prove upon thy heart, whereto I speake to thou liest.

Bas. In wisdom I should aske thy name,

But since thy outside lookes so faire and warlike,

And that thy being some say of breeding breaths,

By right of knight-hood I disdain and spurne,

With

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With the hell hatedly ore-turn'd thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever, Trumpets speake.

Alb. Save him, save him.

Gon. This is meere practise Gloster, by the law of Armes
Thou art not bound to offer an unknowne opposite,
Thou art not unpausht, but coustred and begvild.

Alb. Stop your mouth Dame, or with this paper shall I stop
it: thou worse then any thing, reade thine owne evill. Nay, no
tearing Lady, I perceive you know't.

Gon. Say if I do, the laws are mine not thine, who shall araign
me for it.

Alb. Monster, knowst thou this paper?

Gon. aske me not what I know.

Exit Gonoril.

Alb. Go after her she's desperate, governe her.

Bast. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
Tis past, and so am I: but art thou that hast this fortune on
me? If thou beest noble, I do for give thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity,
I am no lesse in blood then thou art *Edmund*,
If more, the more thou hast wrongd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy fathers sonne,
The Gods of iust, and of our pleasant xertues
Make instruments to scourge us: the barke and vitious place
Where he thee got, cost him his eyes.

Bast. Thou hast spoken truth,
The wheele is come full cirkled, I am here.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did propesie
A riall nobelnesse, I must embrace thee,
Let sorow split my heart if I did ever hate thee or thy father.

Edg. Worryhy Prince I know it.

Alb. Where have you hid your selfe?
How have you knowne the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them my Lord,
List a breefe tale, and when it is told,

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O that my heart would burst. The bloody proclamation
To escape that followeth me so neere,
(O our lives sweetnesse, that with the paine of death
Would hourly dye, rather then die at once)
Taught me to shift into a mad mans rages,
To assume a semblance that very doges disdain'd:
And in this habit mee I may father with his bleeding rings,
The precious stones new lost; Became his guide,
Led him, beg for him, sav'd him from dispaire.
Never (O Father reveald my selfe unto him,
Nor till some halfe houre past when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,
I ask't his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flawd heart
Alack to weake the conflict to support,
Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and greefe,
Burst smilingly.

Edg. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall perchance do good, but speake you on,
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be any more wofull, hold it in.
For I am almost ready to dissolve.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period to such
As love not sorrow, but another to amplify to much,
Would make much more, and to extremity.
Would I was big in clime, came there in a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shund my abhord society: but then finding
Who twas that so indur'd, with his stronge armes
He fastened on my neck, and bellow'd out
As hee'd burst heaven, threw me on my father,
And told the pitteous tale on Lear and him,
That ever eare received, which in recounting
His greef grew puisent, and the strings of life
Began to crack twice, then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him traunsh.

Alb. But who was this?

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*Edg. Kent sir, the banish'd Kent, who in disguise,
Followed his enemy king, and did him service,
Improper for a slave.*

Enter one with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help.

Alb. What kind of help? what means that bloody knife?

Gent. It's hot, it smokes, it came even from the heart of——

Alb. Whom man? speake.

*Gent. Your Lady sir, your Lady; and her sister
By her is poyson'd: she has confest it.*

*Basf. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an instant.*

*Alb. Produce their bodies be they a live or dead:
This justis of the heavens that makes us tremble,
Touches not with pity.*

Enter Kent.

Edg. Here comes Kent sir.

*Alb. O't's he, the time will not allow
The complement that very manners urges.*

*Kent, I am come to bid my King and master aye go night
is he not here?*

*Alb. Great things of us forgot. Speake Edmund, where's the
King, and where's Cordelia? Seest thou this obiect Kent?*

The body of Gonorill and Regan are brought in.

Kent. Alack why thus.

*Basf. Yet Edmund was belov'd: the one the othes poyson'd for
my sake and slew her selfe.*

Alb. Even so, cover their faces.

*Basf. I pant for life: some good I meane to do, despit of my
owne narute. Quickly send, be breesty, into the Castle for my
Write, it's on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia: nay, send in time.*

Alb. Run, run, O run.

*Edg. To who my Lord? who hath the office?
Send thy token of repreece.*

Basf. Well thought on, take my sword, give it the Captain.

Alb. Hast thee for thy life.

*Basf. He hath commission from thy wife and me, to hang Cor-
delia in the prison, and to lay the blame upon her own despaire*

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Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his arms.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle. O you are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would use them so,
That heavens vault should crack: O, she is gon for ever.
I know when one is dead, and when one lives.
She's dead as earth: lend me a looking-glasse,
If that her breath will mist and staine the stone, she then lives.

Kent. Is this the promist end?

Edg. Or image of that horror? **Alb.** Fall and cease.

Lear. This father stirs, she lives, if it be so, it is a chance that
do's redeem all sorowes that ever I have felt.

Kent. A my good master.

Lear. Prethee amay.

Edg. Tis nobly **Kent** your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you murderous traitors all, I might have
saved her, now she's gone for ever: *Cordelia, Cordelia.* stay a li-
tle. What if it thou stay? her voice was ever soft, gentle & low,
an excellent in women. I kild the slave that was a hanging
thee.

Cap. Tis true my Lords he did.

Lear. Did I not fellow? I ha seen the day, that with my bi-
ting Fauchlon I would have made them skip: I am old now, and
these same crosses spolie me. Who are you? Mine eyes are none
o'th best, ile tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune bragd of two she loved or hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. Are not you **Kent**?

Kent. The same your servant **Kent**, where is your servant **Cain**?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell that,
He'll strike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent. That from your life of difference and decay,
Have followed your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else: Al's cherelesse, dark, and deadly,
Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,

And

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And desperately are dead.

Lear. So I thinke too.

Alb. He knowes now what he sees, and vaine it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootlesse.

Enter Captaine.

Cap. *Edmund* is dead my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here : you Lords and Noble friends,
know our intent, what comfort to this decay may come, shalbe
applied: for us we will resigne during the life of this old majestic
to him our absolute power, you to your wrights with boot, and
such addition as your honors have more then merited, all friends
shall tast the wages of their vertue, and all foes the cup of their
deservings : O see, see.

Lear. And my poore foole is hangd: no, no life, why should
a dog, a horse, a rat have life, and thou no breath at all ? O thou
wilt come no more, never, never, never : pray undo this button ;
thanke you sir, O, o, o, o, o.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Lear. Breake heart I prethee breake.

Edg. Looke up my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe,
he hates him much, that would upon the wracke
Of this rough world stretch him out longer.

Edg. O he is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is he hath endured so long,
He but vsurpt his life.

Duke. Beare them from hence, our present businesse
Is to generall woe friends of my soule, you twaine
Rule in this kingdome, and the good sustaine.

Kent. I have a journey sir shortly to go,
My master calls, and I must not say no.

Duke. The waight of this sad time we must obay,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say :
The oldest have borneue most, we that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

FINIS.